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From a portrait by Abbe

HOLBROOK BLINN AS LOUIS XIV IN "MOLIERE"

DOES SOCIETY SHUN HIGH ART?

By JOHN CORBIN

A FAITH endures among us, which is amiable and endearing in a people dedicated to democracy, that all will come right with the drama just as soon as we gain for it the presence and the attention of the socially elect. "From the side of aristocracy, from the theatre designed originally for the few, have come the Molières, whose Palais Royal company was authorized 'the troup of the King,' and the Shakespeares, 'who came under the patronage of King James and Elizabeth." Thus George Jean Nathan, in a recent volume in which he castigates the popular theatre of Broadway for its manifold vulgarities. Of Molières and of Shakespeares I speak under correction, knowing only one of each name; but of the Palais Royal and the Globe it may confidently be affirmed that they were neither aristocratic nor democratic, but broadly inclusive. They were almost as widely national as the third great theatre of the world, the one in Athens. But that is beside the point. The point is that a voice is raised in the wilderness of Broadway for an aristocratic patronage of the drama.

IT is not a novel idea. Heinrich Conried had it, and had it quite as hard, when he stipulated that The New Theatre should have two grand tiers of boxes for the Founders, whom he always spelled with a capital. And the founders of the Vieux Colombier had it, though less prominently capitalized, when they remodeled The Garrick in behalf of M. Jacques Copeau, with a tier of boxes for themselves in a location equally spectacular—and equally remote from the stage. But, as Francois Villon would doubtless translate his well-known interrogation, Where are the frosts of yesteryear? The answer was given by Don Quixote, in his solitary moment of sanity. There are no birds in last year's nests. Even in the heyday of our temporarily celebrated institutions, very few birds, whether socially elected or hailing from the social salt river, ever nested in those boxes, with the stage on the far horizon and all the winds of the foyer about their ears.

There is something, of course, in the idea of aristocratic patronage. Like the curate's egg, it is only part bad. It is well for a playwright, and for the actors who interpret him, to have some one in the house whose ear is attuned to verbal felicities, whose eyes have seen in the flesh the real world of gentlemen and gentlewomen. It is even better for the others. The valets at the Palais Royal were, no doubt, thoroughly conscious of the courtiers who sat on the stage, as no doubt the 'prentices in the pit of the Globe were conscious of the occupants of the "Lords' rooms;" and doubtless also their humbler judgments were enlightened by the demeanor of "the aristocratic few." It is equally certain, of course, that in any audience the aristocratic few find their attention sharpened, their emotions warmed, by the psychology of the crowd. But that is another matter. What we are after is a "toney" drama, and obviously there must be someone to give the tone.

In this golden idea, however, there is a base alloy. Our strictly democratic country is very sensitive to its aristocratic few. The interest in the doings of our social betters is insatiable; the desire to bask in their actual presence is insensate. The most magnetic thing in the world to us is the Metropolitan horseshoe. If we can only corral in a "diamond" tier and a "golden" tier the leaders of our social democracy, (where they will consent to be miles away from the stage in order to be the more easily seen of the vulgar), does it not follow that the success of our playhouse is assured?

TAKE it from me, it does not. I came into the counsels of The New Theatre after Heinrich Conried had departed; and, greatly fearing that it would prove difficult to corral the wild droves of Fifth Avenue with the lure of a humbly artistic endeavor, I proposed that the two tiers of boxes be reduced to one. Even at that, after a single view of our stage, the Founders, Foundresses and Founderines absented themselves from felicity. At first the great public came. For months the papers had been full of the project. The advance sale was enormous, subscriptions even commanding a premium. But when the audience twisted their ductile necks and found no Founders lurking in the rear of the boxes, no Foundresses or even Founderines in front, conspicuously improving their minds, it melted away over night. At the Vieux Colombier, the course of events was identical, though of course, on a smaller scale. The advance "press" was huge, the advance sale over thirty thousand dollars. But when the socially awed public assembled, and looked into the faces of just one another—only that and nothing more—it boiled with anger against the founders, whom it now regarded as betrayers.

For a democracy wears its flunkeyism with a difference—at least our democracy does. It bows down and worships at the feet of the god it has created, with a mighty awe in its heart. But even as it mumbles its craven prayers it keeps one eye open—a jealous, watchful eye. And if those feet are clay, it rises with a mighty rage and tumbles the idol from its pedestal. If anything is more disgusting than its groveling abasement, it is its insolence in the sense of being socially deceived.

BEING an American democracy, to be sure, its rage is tempered with mentality, and often expressed with a sense of humor. The reason it alleged for its defection from the Vieux Colombier was strictly intellectual—that the performances were not good enough; and it struck the self-satirical attitude of having been sold again. How good did the thirty thousand dollars' worth of subscribers expect those performances to be? It so happens that in the Gallic tongue a French theatre is a *théâtre Français,* and it so happens that that is one of the names of the great House of Molière. To any properly logical mind it follows that *Le Théâtre Français du Vieux Colombier* must rival the House of Molière, or be set down as the sorriest of failures. When the Founders, Foundresses and Founderines discovered that not even their names, their money and their social preëminence had created a true *Théâtre Français* in New York, they discovered a grievance. They were betrayed, and they withheld the light of their countenances. And when the eager sycophants who came across with subscriptions aggregating thirty thousand dollars found that the founders absented themselves because the performances were dull, they also absented themselves—because the performances were dull. Then, with an air of satirically lashing themselves for their gullability, they joined in an anvil chorus which left the French Theatre without enough substance to reward its hammerers with a spark. Whatever may have been the case at the Metropolitan (and I have my doubts even there), any dramatic enterprise which relies on the patronage of society to float it, launches a boomerang that returns inevitably to crack its own pate.

EVEN supposing that The New Theatre or the Vieux Colombier had set a standard of the highest excellence, is it at all certain that the founders and the public would have recognized the fact? Last winter I sat beside numerous folk of conspicuous cultivation who enlivened the dinner hour by complaining that the season's new plays were all bad. Quite innocently at first, but eventually with a certain intention, I asked if they had seen the plays at the Vieux Colombier. In four cases out of five, their answers were the same. They had subscribed the first season, but the plays were too dull for words, and the company impossibly hideous. Then I asked what plays they *had* seen. Almost invariably the list began with "East is West," "Up in Mabel's Room" and "The Woman in Room 13"—housemaid romance, bedroom farce and crime melodrama. These they had obviously enjoyed. In many cases it transpired that, like most of us, they did not understand French when rapidly spoken, (though you could not get them to admit it frankly), and never dreamed of reading the text before going to the theatre. Yet they were equally supercilious in condemning the plays in English which delighted them and in scorning the little French masterpieces which they could not understand.

Our Victorian ancestors rejoiced in a word that is too little used to-day, though the thing it describes is more rampant than ever. It is *sciolism*—the baseless pretense to superior knowledge. When the Vieux Colombier opened its doors, the public scorned its repertory as at once trivial and high-browed; but, now that it has closed them, it has suddenly become the thing to praise the repertory as the only repertory ever given in America in which every play was a work of literary and dramatic art. Likewise, when M. Copeau first showed his methods as a producer he was informed by our intelligentsia that, far from being an innovator, he had merely copied the methods of Gordon Craig and Reinhardt. But in the catalogue of the recent exhibition of American scenic artists, who are themselves workers in the "decorative" tradition of those masters, Copeau is hailed as an innovator, in that he has shown how "the drama of words," which is to say the literary drama, positively gains by a setting so strictly conventionalized that the scene painter and the architect have no part. *(Concluded on page 384)*

Campbell

GRACE FISHER

Who is the Princess—and incidentally the leading woman —in "The Royal Vagabond" at the Cohan & Harris

Abbe

EDITH KING

Playing Bobette in "Daddies," which seems to be one of the outstanding hits of the season

Campbell

TESSA KOSTA

Who is singing and dancing her way successfully through "The Royal Vagabond"

Lewis-Smith

ADA MEADE

This favorite of musical comedy is now lending her talents to "The Girl Behind the Gun"

AMONG THE SEASON'S SUCCESSES

THE ADVENT OF THE ART THEATRE

Nature not inert and drab, but full of sensuous movement and passionate color

By SELMA H. LOWENBERG

IT is a curious commentary on the progress of the fine arts that what is ancient in one age is borrowed, adapted, and becomes modern in the next. Many American ragtime composers acknowledge their indebtedness to Liszt, Mendelsohn, and other old masters. Only a few years ago the reading public was charmed by the "original" style of Jeoffry Farnol's "The Broad Highway," which some readers recognized as a fair imitation of Bulwer-Lytton's. And now we have the Art Theatre, curiously reminiscent of the simple staging of the plays of Shakespeare and Sophocles, the theatre whose settings are decorative rather than photographically exact; that create the proper atmosphere rather than dwarf the plays and players by being realistically detailed, and attracting attention by their realism.

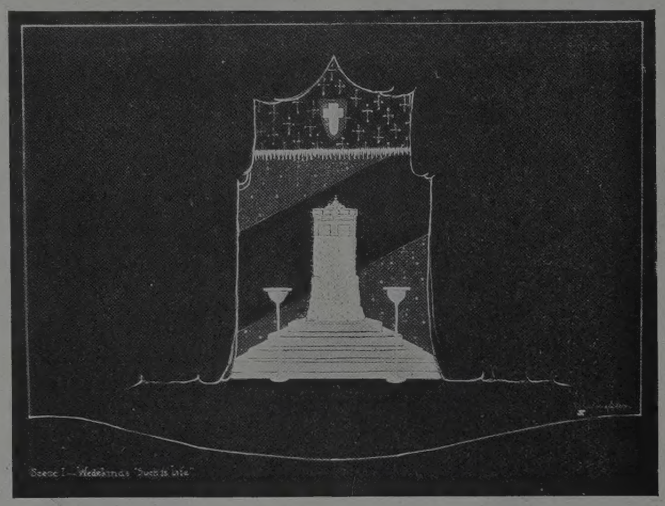
The Art Theatre is knocking upon the doors of the American theatre. The knock is becoming louder and louder; so insistent, in fact, that some of the producers have heard and opened their doors in welcome. Artists of the Art Theatre, men of acute aesthetic vision and imbued with a sweeping sense of the fitness of things are making rapid strides toward the realization and propagation of their ideas. A recent exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries gave striking and impressive testimony of the singularly beautiful and harmonious results achieved by more than a dozen scenic artists in some half hundred plays.

It is interesting to note that the old style of stage setting was nearly a literal transcription into paint, canvas, and properties of the directions recorded in the script of the playwright. A generation ago if the directions called for doors, doors were cut into walls without the slightest regard for proportion of wall space to the openings. The entire stage was set more as an architect or builder would follow a blue print. Then the designer was called in and if he wished to add any touches to please his fancy he added them regardless of their appropriateness to the mood of the play. The result might be materially true, even spectacularly realistic, but more often the setting was a sad hindrance in creating the proper atmosphere for the mood of the play.

The artificial methods used were often absurd. Every playgoer remembers seeing walls tremble at the slightest touch or a light breeze wrinkle broad landscapes. It was not uncommon to notice disturbing painted shadows in preposterous juxtaposition with the surrounding light and shade. Some producers even went to the childish expediency of painting furniture on the walls. The crude artificiality represented was surely the height of incongruity, yet producers considered it a necessary attribute to the art of stage setting.

At last a few bold souls revolted against this absurd artificiality and led by David Belasco, with his passion for detail and thoroughness, they swung to the extreme opposite and gave us solid sets embellished with the most minute appointments. The stage was cluttered with furniture and small objects and often brought murmurs of surprise at the distractingly detailed realism of the set.

An attempt was made to be absolutely realistic in every detail. If dinner was served upon the stage, all the appointments of service and cuisine were brought into evidence, usually amid a chorus of *ohs* and *ahs*, from the audience, who became so absorbed in the touch of realism that both play and players were forgotten. True, many of the old absurdities were banished, but the producer made no attempt to bring the setting into closer harmony with the play. Their one object was to make the scene more natural rather than throw all emphasis upon the true development of idea and of character. The result of this lack of unity of purpose was that the scenes were often so finely imitative and true that spectators forgot the play in their wonder at the naturalness of the setting.



Design by J. Blanding Sloan for Scene One of Wedekind's "Such is Life"

It was against this ultra-naturalistic method of production that the Art Theatre revolted. Led by Appia, of Switzerland, the foremost stage-decorator of Europe, Hevesi, of Budapest, director of the State Theatre; Edward Gordon Craig, the "mad dreamer," son of Ellen Terry; Reinhardt and others, a new movement for simplicity, beauty and harmony of stage setting arose. The goal sought for was the harmonious merging of setting, lighting and acting into the mood of the play. The stage setting was to be unobtrusive, subordinate, yet emphasize the life and spirit of the play. According to John Wenger, the scenic setting "has a distinct mission—and but one mission—so to express the purpose, the spirit, the symbolism of the play as to enhance and intensify its character; so to merge itself that it calls forth no recognition beyond the subconscious appreciation of its absorption into the play itself."

The pioneer of the Art Theatre in this country is Robert Edmond Jones whose first Broadway success was achieved in the setting and costuming of Granville Barker's production of Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Mr. Jones designed and built the entire setting himself, painting all the scenery as well as designing and creating every costume worn in the production. His later association with Arthur Hopkins brought to the American stage his impressive settings for Mr. Hopkins' production of "The Devil's Garden," his delightfully decorative sets for the Clare Kummer comedies, and the full flower of his art in the soul stirring productions of "Redemption," and "The Jest."

But other artists have not been slow to follow. Rollo Peters, Sam Hume, Irving Pichel, Norman Bel-geddes, Joseph Urban, John Wenger, Willy Pogany, C. Raymond Johnson are a few among the many sincere creative artists who have done so much to spread the light of truth and beauty in scenic settings. Working in the "Little Theatres" which sprang up spontaneously in a number of large American cities, the new scenic artist was enabled to give free reign to his imagination, untrammeled by tradition, unhindered by the exigencies of the commercial theatre. These artists attempted, and in many instances notably succeeded, in bringing the setting into definite spiritual harmony with the play, by means of light, of simplicity, of vibrating color and symbolism to make the play live.

In the production of a play it is not difficult to distinguish the art-theatre method of presentation from the old stage setting. In the old method will always be seen the pictorial representation with its inevitable painted canvas background. The art-theatre method is plastic and decorative and given to simple and imaginative suggestion. The artist employs objects and backgrounds that can be brought to the stage in characteristic form, and others that cannot be shown in plastic form are suggested by concrete means. An excellent illustration is afforded by Mr. Jones' second act setting for "The Jest." The scene is Ginevra's boudoir in Neri's house, a huge room which itself suggests the castle-like luxury of the days of Lorenzo, the Magnificent. At the left wall is a plain dressing table set out with articles of toilet, but from one corner negligently but gracefully drops a soft fold of purple cloth, unconsciously giving the spectator a sense of wanton luxury. At the right is a chest of gorgeous costumes in disarray. The walls are bare except for a panel of golden tapestry cloth flung across the door to the secret passage. The simplicity of the stage decoration serves but to heighten the desired impression, yet the concrete properties employed are reduced to a minimum.

The artists of the new theatre do not find it necessary to draw the picture of a long-eared animal on a canvas and write beneath it, "This is a donkey." That is work for the ten year old child. The picture surely is obvious enough. That is the difference *(Concluded on page 384)*

Design by Robert Edmond Jones for the scene at the gypsies' house in Tolstoy's drama "Redemption"

Design by Joseph Urban for the church scene of "Faust." Metropolitan Opera House production

Setting by Sam Hume for "Doctor Faustus." Produced at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit, in 1918

Byzantine throne scene by Maxwell Armfield. Drop designed for use with a black cyclorama. As produced by Ruth St. Denis

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF THE NEW DECORATIVE STAGE SETTINGS

Model by Lee Simson for the palace terior scene of Gluc opera "Iphigenia Tauris"

Illustrations courtesy the Drama League

ME AS A KORUS MAN

Being further adventures in stage land with Henry McNutt

By LESLIE CURTIS

peory, ills. (any date)

deer Editer of the theayter Magazeen:—

when i seen my riting in the May ishoo of yure paper, i relized that i was a self maid man and woodunt have to work no more as varlot de chamber to mister Seemore Coyne of peory, ills. Besides, he didunt act with grace and dekorum when he seen i was a litery feanyus akin to Josephs Conrad and Hergeshymer, the latter of which rote "Java in the Head." (i shood think he wood use more simpal langwidge like "a cawfee headake," but maybe he is mearly a new beginer or sumthing.)

mister Coyne said with won of his most mullignunt smiles, "now that you have berst into print i can redily see why marse Henry Water's son had to give up riting." he said "i bet Willyum deen Howls is more than jelus."

"let him howl," i says, "who-sew-ever he is, but this is whare i quit right hear. i don't have to take no back talk from no commun bizness man."

"o very well," he says, tryin to be non-shallant, "but you will come back when the cosmick erge and the inner man meat on the feeld of battut. you are a good varlot de chamber in spite of the vagarees of a unbalunced mind.

sew i lit out, withowt a fuss or nuthin, and i thawt i mite as well go on the stage becuz Billie Burke had tooken such a shine to me at Pom Beech. she musta seen sumthing in me besides mear buty.

thare was a add in the paper for korus men who cood sing and dance and do General Youtillity. "thats me," i says to my sister Lizzie, "ive got the looks and the altitood (which is western for hite) and if a big ruff cowboy like bill Heart can get by, it will be more than ezy for won with my magnifisent persnality."

"you have the fashal expreshun of an egg plant, Hen," ansered Lizzie, "and the manners of a mountain gote. soshul epecac and sarkastik repetore are mear child's play for you, sew i don't see why you coodunt compeet with Eva Tanglefoot, chas. Chaplin, robert Mantel, duglus Farebanks and Willyum Cort-plaster, (the won who is married to Virginya Hornet.)"

"well," i says to her, "it ain't no trubble to be a matinay idle if i cood onct get on the stage, but you no that dave Blasco and mister dilling-ham never had no chants to meat me, sew i'le have to carve my own carear aloan and unaded."

as a result of this conversashun, i went to Chicawgo to anser the add i seen in the paper. i set in the agence offis for 4 days and never seen hide nor hare of him. the girl sed she toald him i was thare, but i cawt her lookin at me like Virginya pearson does when she is being a vamp, sew i spose she never toald him, sose i cood stay whare she cood see me. Finly, i got up and wawked rite in the private offis behind anuther man and i says to the agunt "i'm here to play the part of Gen. Youtillity."

Now, mister Hornblower, if its all the same to you, i'd rather not rite all abowt what happined, bucuz the famus litery critick, mister H-l Menkin says two many detales is the mane fawlt of theodoor Drysor. anyway, the agunt finly gave me a card to the theayter to mister ross (who i think is bruther-in-law to Lilyun rustle.)

i went over the next morning and thare was a grate crowd of fixt up ladies and a few men. sum of the girls had got up before brekfast and had cum in thare petticotes and other lingeree which they was dancing in. mister ross wasunt thare, but a corse fello in his shirt sleaves (before them ladies two) looked at the card and then his ize roved restlusly up and down my persnal apeerance. he says kinda funny, "any expeeryance?" and i seen that when he spoak thare was a grate silents fell all over the stage, so i says "o yes!" (becuz if meating famus stars at Pom Beech ain't expeeryance, what is?). i ask you that!

then he says "whats yure voice?", but i was two qwick for him. i replide, "the voice is cawsed by the axshun of breth on the vocus cords." i seen he was mad rite thare becuz he coodunt ketch me and when he says "what do you sing, if at awl?" i says "o anything, poplar songs, ballards, classicul peaces and things by Irving berlin."

he didunt say nuthin to me but i seen i made a hit becuz everybudy was laffen fit to kill. (You no, mister Hornblower, if yure comikal, you can get anything you want in this werld. You awt to try it sumtime.) but to return down stage to whare i was standing, he never sed nuthin to me, but he yeld "Hay props, park this low comeedyan whare he can do no harm," and a big rude guy took me back to whare sum bords were piled up and toald me to set till the stage manger called for the tenners and other girls. sew, i set wondrin what they uzed hay-props in a theayter for and a pritty girl caim and set down beside me. "i hear you are going to take care of the horses," she says.

"o do they have horses in this show?" i asked. "we have ateteen ponies and a number of truck horses," she sed.

"what do they use ponies for?" i asked for i was new and wanted to lern what i cood. "two hawl the waggins betwean the won nite stands," she toald me. just abowt then the stage manger called awl the men to cum down stage, but i didunt move becuz i was going to play the part of Gen Youtillity. it was never my intenshun to be a commun korus man, not with my looks and endowmunts.

but i seen that corse fello was jelus of me rite away and was trying to make me mad. he yeld like a feend, "what do you think you are—the back-drop?" i wawked rite down and i says "i'm hear to play Gen. Youtillity and i don't take no back talk from no commun stage manger." he seen rite then he coodunt kid me, sew he put me on the end of the line and then he shode us sum fancy dance steps which was sew ezy for me that he had to ball me owt to keep the other men from noticin that i was beeting them.

"lift yure flatirens," he kep yeling at me and anybudy cood see i didunt have nuthing like that. he musta thawt i was a shirt shiner in a lawndry. "who put led in yure shoos, Jumbo?" he sed malishus like, but i seen he didunt want the common korus men to no i was the only won doing the steps rite, so i was pashunt. "hop nimbal thare, Henry," he said, "or you stand a swell chants of seeing the gost wawk." now, i had never sed nuthing abowt gosts, sew i think his stile of joaks was very cheap and corse. i stood him just as long as i cood, but when he says to me, "yule be a rair treet for the criticks, Hen. in pink tites yure legs will look like expozed plumming under a washstand in a cheap hotel," i cood endoor no more. i may not look like Henry dixy (Adonut) or Crewso, but no commun stage manger can insult me and live. i shood like to see *him* in pink tites.

well, to make a short story long, i up and says "i don't think i like this third class show, so hear's whare i quit. i woodunt traval with no mixt crowd in waggins and i wasunt brung up and edjucated to be chambermade to ponies and truck horses. you can get sumbudy else to play the General" and then i wawked rite to the door before he cood think up sumthing to say.

thare was a old fello with whiskers settin outen side and i toald him what happined and he sed "you done rite. if i was you i wood ware sum pink tites to rehersil tomorrow and maybe the stage manger wood take back them werds and keep his place." sew, i went rite over to marshell feeld's stoar and got sum tites for ate dollars, which is hi, but then the tites cum clear up to my waste, too. the next morning i put them on under my soot and went to the theayter and that same old man who was settin by the door toald me the show had went away the nite before. it was a grate surprize to him, he sed, and the stage manger never left no messige for me, so they must have went in a hurry. i asked him what he set thare awl the time for and he sed he was suposed to keep the insecks away from the girls, but the reel reezon was to hold down the franchize for the man who owned the theayter. i asked him if he thawt the solgers were bringin many insecks home from urope and he sed he gess so judgin from the swarms which gather arownd the lites at nite. i supose they got tired of eatin nuthin but men in urope so now they like girls better.

of corse, i'm back working for mister Coyne, until i can get sumthing more artistick. marshell feeld's woodunt take back them tites. he sed they woodunt fit none of his family or he wood try to uze them. if i thawt i cood soo that stage manger, i wod file soot, becuz ate dollars is ate dollars, but i supose he is travaling arownd in a waggin sumwhare with that cheep show.

now, mister Hornblower, if you have any litery work i can do, like Ireen Cassels secund marridge or huney-mooning with Marjery rambo and Margereet clark, just let me no.

yure sinceer ko-worker in arts and siurce.

HEN MCNUTT.

IT is at their lovely home at Great Neck, L. I., that Marguerite Namara, prima donna of the Chicago Opera Company, who is now singing in Mexico, and Guy Bolton, her playwright husband, receive inspiration.

From the accompanying pictures of this charming home and its equally charming third inhabitant—Peggy Bolton, age two years and two months—it is no wonder that every free moment of this gifted artist pair are spent there.

The house itself won a prize in a recent contest for the most attractive country home. Its beautiful antique furnishings were all personally selected by Mr. Bolton during his wife's absence in California on a concert tour and the completed home presented to her as a surprise upon her return.

(Upper picture)
Marguerite Namara and her little daughter, Peggy

(Inset)
The exterior of the house with the Boltons off for a game of golf

(Left)
An interior view of the Boltons' home at Great Neck. Here Mr. Bolton has written some of his most successful plays

Photos © Underwood & Underwood

PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES: MARGUERITE NAMARA AND GUY BOLTON

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

THE GARDINER TRIO

THE mystery of why astute managers, addicted to the legitimate and to musical comedy, are frequently seen in the seats of vaudeville houses, has been lifted. They are in search of players. They seek novelty and are in pursuit of mummers who have not made a vice nor a fetich of restraint. One such manager discovered in the strange land of vaudeville a brother and two sisters, who have been on the variety stage since they attained respectively the ages of three, five, and five and a half. Helen was the youngest, Arline the middle, and Edgar the senior in point of age. Vaudeville had known them long and favorably, but musical comedy not at all until "Take It From Me" transplanted them from their native soil. The three sprightly young dancers have bloomed into success. "Doing well", said an habitué of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. "When they come on they stop the show. That's all they do."

(Below)

JESSICA BROWN

COME ALONG" boasts its Jessica Brown. The girl dancer in the blue bonnet says she studied grace with a small gray kitten. It was an inspiring kitten deserving of fame and a monument commemorating its feet (not paws.) For Miss Brown has imitated its dainty steps in a chain of vaudeville houses that reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Observers say it is another instance of the pupil outstripping the teacher, for sweet Jessica, according to her admirers, is nimbler and possesses more grace than does the gray kitten.

(Below)

GILDA VARESI

IN "The Jest" Gilda Varesi furnishes impressive dramatic moments as the blind Fiametta. Miss Varesi registered deeply by a bit as an Italian girl in "Salvation Nell." As the distracted Italian mother of the lost infant in "Baby Mine" she again made her performance memorable. She was the ancient prima donna who quarrelled with the younger diva in "Romance." She shifted her nationality to portray the mad Hungarian woman in "Children of Earth." She succeeded Mme. Nazimova in "War Brides," then went to London to resume her wrangling role in "Romance." During the period of Miss Doris Keane's illness she replaced the star. Earlier this season she created Annie in 'The Little Journey."

WALTER EDWIN

BY heredity and environment Walter Edwin, who plays the Southman in "Dark Rosaleen", is an actor. His father of the same name was the first Mazeppa. His mother, Louisa Miller, was a celebrated actress, and his grandfather, the scintillant actor and orator, David Prince Miller. Naturally he found the stage inescapable. He was of the companies of Fred Terry, of Sir Henry Irving and of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. He came to this country and became a director of motion pictures. He has directed "Gloria's Romance" in which Billie Burke appeared. His experience with the photo drama may have taught him to weigh a movement and study its effect to a nicety, as he so satisfyingly does as the truculent father and innkeeper in the Irish play at the Belasco.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BELASCO. "DARK ROSALEEN." Comedy in three acts by W. D. Hepenstall and Whitford Kane. Produced on April 22 with this cast:

Joe Donagh	Walter Edwin
Corny Donagh	Henry Duffey
Martin Donagh	Thomas Mitchell
Sandy McKillop	Dodson L. Mitchell
Michael Halpin	Robert Cummings
Andy Moore	P. J. Kelly
Tim Duffy	John Daly Murphy
John Meldon	George Fitzgerald
Rory Coghlan	John Carmody
Nat M'Givney	Charles F. McCarthy
Owen Cullen	Charles A. Bickford
James Welsh	Dan Moyles
Mickey Dowdall	Farrell Pelly
Murtha	Seumas O'Brien
Moya McKillop	Eileen Huban
Katty McCabe	Beryl Mercer
Jane Agnes MacAfee	Rose Morison
Betty Sinnott	Jane Ross
Peggy Joyce	Millie Aston
Kate Curtis	Eileen Curran
Nora Canavan	Malaidh Carroll
Molly Sweeny	Lilian Jago
Mary Doyle	Bina Flynn

ONE of the delightful memories that the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre left behind them was the vital, humorous and convincing series of portraits which they gave of Celtic types. They smacked of the soil, they breathed the spirit of human reality. It is in this particular that the production of "Dark Rosaleen," the three-act comedy, by W. D. Hepenstall and Whitford Kane, which David Belasco presents with all that meticulous care and appreciation of theatric details so associated with his work, hits the high spot of dramatic verisimilitude.

We are again face to face with a series of Irish characters that make their stamping ground at Joe Donagh's general store and public house in the South of Ireland. They are the chorus to a feud, which exists between Donagh and Sandy McKillop, from the north, who runs an opposition shop across the road. That Sandy's daughter loves Corny, the son of Joe, makes a Capulet-Montague complication for the serious plot. Comic ingenuity overcomes the strange provisions of a will and brings about a reconciliation of the warring houses and as Corny rides to victory, Moya McKillop's mare, Dark Rosaleen, for the big cup and cleans up a killing that enables her to pay off the mortgage about to be foreclosed on Sandy's home, why, of course, the finale is all as it should be for those who look for the ultimate triumph of youthful and loving hearts.

If the dramatic phase of the fable sounds somewhat conventional it may be stated in its defense that its treatment is graciously romantic and, at least, serves the most useful purpose of bringing together a group of diversified Hibernians that are a constant delight to eye and ear. Bigger in stature than the late Edward Harrigan, Walter Edwin in his personation of Joe Donagh reminded me forcibly of that gifted comedian in speech, walk and method. It was an unctuous performance, a juicy and succulent bit. Fine in contrast was the sturdy, defiant sketch which Dodson Mitchell gave of the obstinate Ulster man, Sandy McKillopp. Another pair who contrasted well were Robert Cummings and John Daly Murphy. The latter as the defiant little Irishman, always ready for a fight at the drop of the hat, was deliciously droll. The dignified and sententious Andy Moore was played to the life by P. J. Kelly while two pugnacious female pedlars, by Beryl Mercer and Rose Morison, added much diverting local color.

The romantic Corny was enacted by Henry Duffey, and his brother, Martin, by Thomas Martin. The latter's efforts to introduce Chicago methods into the dull little Irish village—he had just returned from the States—were provocatiye of constant laughter. Eileen Huban, remembered for her fine work in "The Grasshopper," was the Moya. The witching romance, the spirited resourcefulness, and the quaint dry humor of the rôle, found in this young actress a most capable exponent. The one set was perfect of its kind.

BIJOU. "THREE FOR DIANA." Comedy in four acts by Chester Bailey Fernald, from the Italian comedy "Il Terzo Marito," by Sabatino Lopez. Produced on April 21, with this cast:

Diana Trawley	Martha Hedman
Mrs. Trawley	Blanche Chapman
Tertia Mayfield	Anne Faystone
Burford	Lillian Brennard
Rev. Clarence Prentiss	J. Beresford-Hollis
Gen. Abinger, D. S. O.,	David Glassford
Heath Whittington	John Halliday
Waiter	Robert MacCleary
Buttons	Gardner James

IT is very possible that "Il Terzo Marito" was an amusing comedy as Sabatino Lopez wrote it in the original Italian, but it is quite certain that "Three for Diana," as Chester Dailey Fernald has rendered it into English is one of the dullest bits of labored fooling offered here in some time.

To get this piece at the Bijou started, there is a fifteen-minute dialogue between Mistress and Maid that the audience may be informed that Diana Trawley has been twice widowed, facts unknown to a probable number three. The mother of her first husband, and the father of the second interpose sentimental objections and Heath Whittington, who would bravely fill four shoes with only two feet, has his moments of domestic doubt. Diana, however, decides for herself and she and Heath arrange to quietly marry before the Registrar.

The dialogue is sadly deficient in wit and humor and a most tenuous story is dragged out with patent padding. Martha Hedman plays Diana. In her blonde plumpness she is very fair to look on. Whether it was the paucity of material or the sameness of her situation, the fact remains that her rendering was quite colorless and altogether too much in one key. John Halliday was the youthful suitor, and acted with spirit and feeling. David Glassford was equally competent in a stock character.

GARRICK. "THE BONDS OF INTEREST." Comedy in three acts by Jacinto Benavente, translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill. Produced on April 14 with this cast:

Leander	Rollo Peters
Crispin	Augustin Duncan
Innkeeper	C. Hooper Trask
First Servant	Michael Carr
Second Servant	John Wilson
Harlequin	Walter Geer
Captain	Charles MacDonald
Maria	Beatrice Wood
Dona Sirena	Helen Westley
Columbine	Edna St. Vincent Millay
Laura	Kate Morgan
Risela	Mary Blair
Polichinelle	Dudley Digges
Wife of Polichinelle	Amelia Summerville
Silvia	Helen Freeman
Pantaloon	Leon Cunningham
Doctor	Henry Herbert
Secretary	Paul Lane
The Constable	Jose Madrones

IN the programme of its initial production at the Garrick, the Theatre Guild, Inc., prints that not one of the great theatres of Europe began other than in an humble manner. It, therefore, begs for sympathetic interest and hopes to work out a destiny that will reflect growing credit upon its efforts in behalf of better theatrical art. To the which earnest endeavor I hereby avouch myself sympatica, the same being Spanish, and therefore appropriate as the first play presented was "The Bonds of Interest," a comedy by the Iberian, Jacinto Benavente.

The comedy employs for its principal types those which figure in the commedia delle arte of the XVI century, the lover, his scheming, resourceful valet, the old father, who would part the lovers, etc. With these, a familiar story is worked out, but where the Spaniard comes in is his treatment, for the manner in which he tells his fable is one of genuine literary distinction, for his dialogue and character drawing betray an intimate and sound knowledge and appreciation of humor, philosophy and psychological introspection.

It is all quaint and in a measure fanciful and, presented as it is in costumes of the Velasquez period, shows a series of pictures always pleasing and at times, considering the material at hand, highly artistic and beautiful.

The pictorial side of the production is excellent; the histrionic phase is not by any means equal to the spirit of the comedy, which calls for nice finesse. Some of the acting is hopelessly mediocre. It is a quite remarkable performance which Augustin Duncan gives of Crispin, the valet. Without a sou between them, he and his master live on the fat of the land and so bring about matters that the hero wins the rich woman of his choice.

Mr. Duncan lacks the airy grace that should go with the ingratiating scamp—but he is so terribly in earnest and acts with such unflagging zest, that he at least satisfactorily suggests the author's conception. The boastful Captain, the Matamora of tradition, is admirably presented by Charles MacDonald and the poet is also neatly portrayed by Walter Geer. A perfect sketch of comic character is contributed by Henry Herbert as the loquacious Doctor of Laws, while Dudley Digges as Polichinelle is capital.

Helen Westley in her crisp style suggests the Dona Sirena who lives by her wits, and the statuesque Amelia Summerville as the wife of Polichinelle lends picturesque beauty to the scene.

BOOTH. "I Love You." Farce in three acts by William Le Baron. Produced on April 28 with this cast:

Jimmie Farnsworth	John Westley
George Van Horne	Robert Strange
Brooks (the butler)	Gilbert Douglas
Peter Darby	Richard Dix
Mrs. Louise Endicott	Doris Mitchel
Betty Duncan	Diantha Pattison
Ruth Franklyn	Gypsy O'Brien
Marie	Ruth Terry

FARCES—like little girls—that are not very, very good are likely to be horrid. William Le Baron's inexpensively named play, "I Love You," is amusing in spots during two acts and not at all during a third. Sometimes the dialogue is funny, occasionally the incidents are amusing, and now and then there is genuine character comedy.

The idle rich in "I Love You" amuse themselves by betting $5,000 that they can make any two persons (of opposite sex) fall in love with each other by merely placing them in an environment of summer night, moonlight, and languorous fiddling, and then pick a débutante and an electrician as subjects for the experiment. The environment scheme works, all right, but on the wrong couples. The electrician ("Eleck Trishun," the cast calls him) mates with a lady's-maid; the débutante with a butler who, having been graduated at Harvard and Oxford, is unfit for any practical work. The remainder of the cast is, of course, also paired off.

"I Love You" is of the Long Island school of dramaturgy. When the highly Shavian butler is on the stage, the talk begins to bubble with satirical paradox—the educated servant patronizes those intellectual inferiors, his employers, and all that. At other times the dialogue relies on "hell" and "damn" for its pungency. What the piece chiefly lacks is variety in both incident and characterization. Its idle rich are all much of a muchness; its oratorical electrician is an inevitable bore; and its Oxonian retainer is merely the puppet of a single attitude. Meanwhile, its one really comic incident—that of the couples placed in the amorous environment—becomes monotonous. And unfortunately for Act III, the play is all over at the second curtain.

John Westley plays the theorist who believes "love" to be no more than a matter of time and chance. He is of the school of hard-working farceurs who achieve their points by dint of main force. Richard Dix, as the electrician, came closer to acutality, though he could not keep the rôle from becoming wearisome. Gilbert Douglas made the butler properly Shavian, though he ought to increase his stock of gestures to at least two.

Of the women, Diantha Pattison and Gypsy O'Brien were most noteworthy, the latter in spite of much vocal harshness. Ruth Terry seemed unnecessarily coarse as the maid.

BELMONT. "Our Pleasant Sins." Play in three acts by Thomas Broadhurst. Produced on April 21 with this cast:

Madge Sloan	Henrietta Crosman
Ned Endicott	Vincent Serrano
Nell Powell	Pauline Lord
Jim Powell	Forrest Winant

THE vogue of long plays, of three or even four acts, with short casts of four and sometimes three characters, does not last long. To make characters of spot-lights and voices off stage, is tempting in a commercial way, the salary list being thereby reduced. Ibsen occasionally reduces expenses by having some of his characters who participate in the action—dead.

In "Our Pleasant Sins," the active agent, a woman in the triangle, does not appear at all. Her business is to gain pleasure out of sin and to promote the philosophy that the two terms are synonymous. By reason of this expensive creature not appearing at the box-office on pay day, however, the triangle is materially impaired, with one side of it missing. Admitting the possibility of theoretical characters in a plot that are talked of only, "Our Pleasant Sins" may be reckoned a triangle play. The paradoxical result of this omission of a plot character is that the play is at once too short and too long. Disregarding the feature of Pleasant Sin, the most entertaining character in the play is the decorous sister of Jim Powell, who sins with the Invisible Purple, and who is the husband of Nell Powell, who is about to elope with Jim's friend. He, too, is almost a theoretical character, being invisible except in a few scenes.

Mr. Broadhurst is a dramatist of skill and force, but has not worked out the possibilities of his play. The conditions of the action are not so favorable for the use of a few characters as those in "Tea for Three," which, in origin, is wholly foreign, based on the custom of having the "family" friend, known in the German as the "Hausfreund."

Henrietta Crosman, in "Our Pleasant Sins" is always charming in her delicate art of making everything count, and she misses no points in the remarks she makes on husbands and matrimony, talk that is the brilliant feature of Mr. Broadhurst's work. Miss Pauline Lord is attractive, too, in person and in her art. Vincent Serrano, as the "friend" and Forrest Winant, both of them good actors, were not likable as characters. Nell's forgiving her husband makes a happy despatch of the play.

SPANISH THEATRE. "MARUXA." Opera in two acts. Music by Amadeo Vives, book by Luis Pascual. Produced with the following cast:

Maruxa	Adelina Vehi
Pablo	Ramon Blanchart
Rosa	Ysabel Marqueti
Don Antonio	Jose Limon
Rufo	Jose Santacana
Eulalia	Juana Oller
A Young Shepherd	Jose Tamargo

"CIELO ESPANOL," revue in one act. Produced on April 19 with this cast:

Primera Bailarinas { Maria Berdiales / Julia Berdiales

Adela Vivero, Dora Yris, Caridad Davis, Emilia Aviles, Pilar Arcos, Cecilia Quiles, Flores de Castano, Josefina Perez, Paquitam Montes, Maria Carrascal, Heriberta Martinez, etc.

OF late the Spaniard has taken a conspicuous place in our playhouse. He was recently represented by a translated comedy at the Garrick, and the Park Theatre at Columbus Circle, temporarily rechristened the Teatro Espanol, was given over to performances in the limpid tongue of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. The experiment was not a success, but it was not without interest.

The opening night was one of wild enthusiasm, and the big auditorium was packed. The receipts were something more than $3,000. First came a two-act opera comique and there followed a revue in three scenes in which popular songs and the various dances of the Peninsula were rendered with a Latin enthusiasm that evoked howls of laughter and thundering plaudits from the compatriots in front. It was all very jolly this part, and if memories of Carmencita were not eclipsed, there was for grace, charm and abandon a lot to really wax enthusiastic about.

The opera was called "Maruxa." The libretto was purely conventional. With a meretricious purpose, a man and woman from the wicked city try to part two bucolic lovers, but by the ingenuity of the baritone overseer of the farm the plan comes to naught. The score, however, by Amadeo Vives has real melodic charm and is highly typical of Spain. The orchestration has distinct merit. A good band responded with skill and *élan* to an inspiring baton wielded by Maestro Fernando L. Cabello. The principals who sang well were Adelina Vehi, Isabel Marqueti, Ramon Blanchart, Leopoldo Legorreta and Miguel Santacana.

GLOBE. "SHE'S A GOOD FELLOW." Musical comedy in two acts. Libretto and lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced on May 5 with this cast:

Robert McLane	Joseph Santley
Admiral Franklin	James C. Marlowe
Horatio Pollard	Alexander Clark
Chester Pollard	Olin Howland
Billy Hopkins	Scott Welsh
McVey	Jay Wilson
Jacqueline Fay	Ivy Sawyer
Lavinia Lee	Ann Orr
Zizi Sumarez	Elsie Lawson
Mrs. Franklin	Gertrude Maitland
Mazie Moore	Rozetta Duncan
Betty Blair	Vivian Duncan
Miss Busby	Florence Edney
Geranium White	Nellie Fillmore
Emma	Florence Bruce
Gladys Grace	Arline Chase

SHE'S a Good Fellow" is unquestionably good fun from the moment the good-looking chorus trips on to sing the opening ensemble to the ultimate finale. Jerome Kern wrote the music for the piece; and when he could not think of anything new, he just revamped a good one from "Oh, Boy!" or "Oh, Lady, Lady!" with highly satisfactory results. The book is by Anne Caldwell, and the story was probably first written by Og, the Neolithic impressario, on the walls of his cave. It is the story of the young man who disguises himself as a woman and invades a maidens' boarding school.

Joseph Santley was the hero. He had been a gob and had often donned lingerie for navy musical plays. So he was all set to fool a stupid detective who came to arrest him for marrying a minor. The groom merely julianeltinged into a creation of black lace and jet, which he later relinquished in favor of Bolshevik pink. When the bride was sent back to Mrs. Franklin's school, the groom promptly outlambed Mary's lamb by following her there—rules or no rules—and taking friends and family along with him.

The principal fooling of "She's a Good Fellow" is supplied by Olin Howland, as a craftily devilish "hick" sport, who studies dancing by correspondence and also shines as an amateur Craig Kennedy. Mr. Howland's burlesque dance with Mr. Santley is consummately funny. Perhaps next most successful of the gifted amusers is Ann Orr, an ingenue of unlimited verve and a sense of real burlesque, who catapults and somersaults into the audience's favor as deftly as she does into the arms of Scott Welsh, her brisk young fellow-conspirator against gloom.

Ivy Sawyer is the minor bride, who, like Miss Orr, dances charmingly enough to atone for all deficiencies in the vocal line. Anyway, as everybody knows, musical comedy has practically dispensed with the singing voice as an essential, most of the singers nowadays being engaged according to their ability to dance.

With the further aid of the Duncan sisters and their engrossing vaudeville turn, of James C. Marlowe as "the most admirable of admirals," and a generally competent company, "She's a Good Fellow" ought to be with us well into the dog-days.

PRINCESS. "TOOT SWEET." Revue in two acts. Lyrics by Raymond B. Egan, music by Richard A. Whiting. Produced on May 7, with this cast:

Mlle. Jeanette Tourneur
Thomas Penfold
Edward Miller
Clarence Nordstrom
Lieut. McPherson
Lon Hascall
Will Morrissey
Harry Miller
Sam Ward
May Boley
Corp. Fenley
Elizabeth Brice

TOOT Sweet," which, as everybody knows, is American doughboy slang for *pronto,* is what Will Morrissey calls his overseas revue, in which he is starring Elizabeth Brice at the Princess. It is one of the funniest shows of the season.

After the manner of "Hitchy-Koo" it is a mere stringing together of songs, dances, and patter against a background of hut scenery from the Argonne, with a few soldiers and chorus girls in uniform wandering about by way of atmosphere. Mr. Morrissey and Miss Brice did their bit entertaining homesick young Americans recently in France, and now they are bringing some of the fun of the thing back to us.

Said fun is chiefly broad burlesque. There is no subtlety in the satire of "Toot Sweet." Mr. Morrissey pokes rather vaudevillainous fun at everything and everybody (including the audience) that engages his attention. And the company does likewise. The actor-manager is an adept at what the profesh call "ad libbing," or perhaps rather at the art of mak-

ing what is really set and formal *seem* as if it has just been thought up at the moment of utterance.

Next to Mr. Morrissey and Miss Brice, who, of course, sings and dances with all the skill that has made the two-a-day famous, stands May Boley, whose burlesques of the baby vampire and of the cabaret dancer are equalled only by May Boley's burlesques of a grand opera singer and of the hapless heroine of an old-time "meller."

The mummy of Seti XXXVIII would sit up in its sarcophagus and guffaw at the facial, terpsichorean, and laryngeal antics of Miss Boley. The D. S. O. is hereby also conferred upon Lon Hascall, as a fat sergeant; Edward Miller, as a roof-raiser in song; Jeannette Tourneur, as five or six French girls in as many scenes; Thomas Penfold, as a military policeman; and Clarence Nordstrom, Harry Miller, and Sam Ward, as eccentric and acrobatic steppers of unfailing excellence.

"Toot Sweet" is *beaucoup* show!

PARK. "It Happens to Everybody." Comedy in three acts by H. S. Sheldon. Produced on May 9 with this cast:

Lydia Pope	Nila Mac
Frank Galloway	Al Dayton
Tidy Tillingwater	Dorothy Allen
Donald Brown	James Gleason
Oliver Dash	William E. Meehan
Mr. Mole	George B. Miller
Mrs. Twiggs	Olive Oliver
Mr. Sharp	John McCabe
Robert Kimball	Frank Joyner
Elsie Kirkwood	Josephine Stevens
John Kirkwood	William P. Carleton
Peter	Harold Beigh
Porter	Jack Ellus
Thomas J. Horton	William Bascett
Daisy McAllister	Dorothy Hammack

MR. H. S. Sheldon calls his new play, "It Happens to Everybody," a comedy, but it is in reality a melodramatic farce. It contains no characterization beyond commonplace stock types, and it relies entirely on ludicrous incidents, situation, and an element of mystery. There are enough of these three ingredients to make the second act interesting and the first one passable, but not enough to save the last act from utter boredom.

Perhaps some of the punditti of the drama can cite an instance of a successful farce based on an intrinsically gruesome incident, but I am sure such cases must be rare. In "It Happens to Everybody" a would-be suicide by gas is intended to yield unlimited possibilities of amusement. On top of the suicide—which, of course, is not allowed to occur—we have a tailor-made man who rises from $18 a week to $50,000 a year, thwarts the scoundrelly millionaire, and weds his charming daughter whom heredity has not tainted.

The over-worked boarding-house furnishes the background. The landlady is duly mocked by a regulation assortment of crabs and pests, including a cantankerous old bookkeeper, a flirtatious stenographer, a clerk who never works longer than two weeks on one job, a flashy song-writer, and a ridiculous slavey. In Act III the author actually has one of his characters set the clock back fifteen minutes while this menagerie is put through its paces once more and the necessary half-hour is pieced out.

James Gleason makes much of the dreamer hero whose rise is so meteoric. He always knows how to put a millionaire in his place without an instant's hesitation. William E. Meehan, who was very funny in "Turn to the Right," is very dull in 'It Happens to Everybody." George B. Miller goes far toward making the grouchy bookkeeper entertaining. And William P. Carleton does all that is humanly possible with the preposterous millionaire crook.

HARRIS. "A Good Bad Woman." Drama in three acts by William Anthony McGuire. Produced on April 8 with this cast:

Richard Brant	Robert Edeson
Dr. John Calvert	Wilton Lackaye
Ruth Brant	Margaret Illington
Dollie Bennett	Katharine Kaelred
Evelyn Martin	Hazel Turney
Harold Spears	Richard Taber
Hilda Jones	Amy Ongley

PLAYS on forbidding (not necessarily forbidden) subjects that undertake to weigh the human soul require more delicate spiritual scales than were employed by the well-intentioned author of "A Good Bad Woman." Technical skill of the highest order is essential to any achievement in that direction. Hedda Gabler destroyed herself rather than submit to the supreme function of womanhood, but the author of the play of that name, in spite of the obscure incidental symbolism, made of it a weirdly fascinating study.

In this case, without the handicap of symbolism, the author has obscured almost every motive and every fact, further aggravating the muddle by leaving the audience to believe until almost the end of the play that the doctor has committed a crime. In some of the more important scenes and in the details of other scenes such good dramatic effect is reached that it is plain that the author is not wholly unused to dramatic composition; but the immaturity of the whole plan of the action is manifest.

The play, which did not have long life on Broadway, needs revision. It is not an offense by first intention. The proper theme of the play should have been professional ethics as represented by the physician, one of the highest and most trusted guardians of the welfare of society. With that theme all the other elements, motives and characters, could have been co-ordinated. Margaret Illington, Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye and Katherine Kaelred, the principal players, were more than equal to their tasks.

LITTLE. "Papa." Comedy in three acts by Zoë Akins. Produced on April 10 with this cast:

Doris	Violette Wilson
Chloe	Ann Andrews
Papa	John L. Shine
Mr. Roderick	Barnett Parker
Dick	Robert Andrews
Dolores	Miriam Battista
The Governess	Nina Varesa
Zimzapanzi	Adolphe Millar

SATIRICAL whimsy in the theatre is a thing not to be lightly undertaken if it cannot be lightly done, as Zoë Akins may have learned by this time. Her "amorality," "Papa," obviously set out to be clever and witty and etherial, but it succeeded only in being dull and banal and heavy.

There was a parasitic parent, one of whose two daughters is under obligations to an Italian tenor for four-year-old Dolores. Papa is in financial difficulties, and a coin is flipped to see which young woman will marry wealth to relieve him. The unintentionally maternal one wins (or loses). Her sister, however, impulsively pretends to be the mother of Dolores. As a result, after a general elopement, including Papa, the Italian tenor finds it confusing when he tries to recall which of the young women was once a member of his variable harem.

Very deft and subtle acting might have inspired "Papa" with some breath of life. But the company, for the most part, could only flounder helplessly in its sea of banality. John L. Shine made the sponging father highly disgusting, and the touch of Ann Andrews and Violette Wilson, as the daughters, was at all times heavy.

"Papa's" chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it wins a place with "The Gentile Wife" and "Mother's Liberty Bond," as one of the three worst plays of the season.

Beryl Mercer and Henry Duffey in Belasco's production of "Dark Rosaleen"

Margaret Illington and Katharine Kaelred in "A Good Bad Woman," recently at the Harris

Photos White

Vincent Serrano, Pauline Lord and Henrietta Crosman in Thomas Broadhurst's play "Our Pleasant Sins," at the Belmont

THE SPRINGTIME USHERS IN NEW PLAYS

KEEPING UP WITH THE NEW LAUGHS

Where the black-face comedian finds the jokes he hands the public. Being an interview with:

BERT WILLIAMS

BERT Williams, who enjoys the distinction of having created a character that is unique among black-faced comedians, has accomplished a great deal more than merely amuse the public. By disposition and temperament, he is something of a philosopher and something of a poet, like a great many of his race. In his dressing-room, not far from the secret places on the New Amsterdam Theatre roof, whence the Ziegfeld beauties disrobe for the midnight frolic, Bert Williams was in a philosophic mood:

"Is there really a new laugh?" he asked. "Speaking of new laughs, they are only younger than the old ones, and not quite so sincere. Did you ever hear of the origin of Joe Miller's joke book? You know, it was found in the library of Noah's Ark; it was saved from the flood, that is, a copy of it, the last pre-deluge copy. I guess the history of the ancestry of new laughs could be found in Joe Miller's joke book. Have you ever studied it? I have, and I found some remarkable facts. I discovered that, according to Joe Miller's joke book, the first laugh on earth happened on the seventh day the world was made. Now, of course, the Good Book doesn't mention it, but if you read between the lines, you can realize there must have been some quiet fun when those animals first got a good look at one another. Imagine what a laugh the giraffe must have handed the elephant—the elephant, of course, totally unconscious of the laugh his shape was handing the hyena.

I imagine the only animal that couldn't see a joke on that eventful day was the camel, because the camel was the first Prohibitionist. Any living thing that can go seven days without anything but water, is born morbid. The liveliest humorists of those old, old laughs were the monkeys. They chattered away a whole string of funny songs and pantomimed the words, as they went along. Yes sir, that was the day the old laughs were originated.

HAVE you ever noticed that small children are natural humorists too? They can play with their toes so seriously, with a facial expression that is inimitable for the serio-comic vein, and their wits are sharper than any of their elders. My sister had a baby, that, when it was about three years old, could hardly talk, and yet it used to understand what we said so well that we had to use the utmost precaution in our conversation. We never dared to speak the word "candy" in its presence, so we used to spell the word out to each other. The next day that child memorized the letters and repeated them in a peremptory tone. It was a very new laugh that child had—on us. No, I don't believe there is a new laugh that isn't related to humor as old as the hills. Some jokes are even older.

"In my own long and preposterous career of getting laughs, there have been times when it looked grey and gloomy across the footlights. Those were the times when I was trying out a new song, when I could feel it dying, and I seemed to be hanging on by first one finger, then another, till there was only the little finger left to hold on by.

"Yes sir, the new laugh can be awful shy, it can be a timid, tiny little thing that turns against you, and leaves you to perish where you stand, and often does.

"Getting a new song is an experience very much like duck-hunting. Of course, there are all kinds of ducks, but if you prefer the maillard, you want a maillard, that is the only kind of a duck you are hunting. But as the maillard does not come within reach, what's the good of your first-class gun and your attractive duck-shooting suit?

White

BERT WILLIAMS

Whose drollery delights audiences at the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic"

"I have often wondered whether an audience does not violate its constitutional rights when it refuses to laugh. When an audience has paid money, including the war tax, to be amused, why isn't it? It has every right to be, and yet sometimes there are actions in the audience that indicate it is not. Sometimes they blame actors, and yet the actor believes he is funny. Is it his fault if the audience is not happy?

"The New York audience does not avail itself freely of its constitutional right to laugh. In New York City we have a species of half-human-half-stone images, whom I call for short the morbs.

"The morbs are born in New York of speedy, but unthrifty parentage. They congregate in places where the lights are glaring. As time rolls over them, they gradually go blind and deaf, acquiring a facial paralysis. They have seen so much, they know so much, and they have so little in return for their wisdom that they have become morbid. Honestly, it makes your heart ache to look at their faces. They seem to be spending their money like dead men, as though they didn't care what happened.

"Now there is a type of New Yorker who goes to a real office at nine o'clock in the morning, conducts a business of his own, and goes to the theatre three times a week. He usually enjoys himself. He is one of the nine-o'clock-in-the-morning boys. He is successful, but the morbs are late risers, late financiers, and late nighters.

AS a whole, New York audiences are the most responsive because they are made up largely of the happy, care-free transients, the human beings who come to New York to laugh. They belong to that vast number of small-town people who have no Broadway to make them morbid. They still remember the humor of their childhood when they were mischievous. Why, you can sing them the song about the apple orchard and they will enjoy it, because they remember the days of the apple cidered joke. They are not wise as the morbs are, they are just happy, and natural and alive.

THERE is a period, however, in modern manhood, that is the despair of any comedian. It is the age just beyond the years of indiscretion, on the edge of innocuous desuetude. It is the man who is a regular theatre-goer for many years, and who saw you once when you were so funny that he has never forgotten it, and who brings a friend to see you for the first time. I can always spot them with their heads together in deep thought. It is so deep that they make any comedian feel like a strange bug, pinned down under a microscope. Long experience with audiences has taught the hardened comedian to look for happy faces, for smiles that broaden, and when he finds these warm spots he feels, rather than sees the icy places, the smiles that seem to crack through a film of ice. They throw out a chill that makes him wish he was a tragedian. They are at every performance, in every theatre, the students of the drama. They love the theatre, and they worship the well-known actors and actresses.

"The older one of the two remembers how funny you were in 1870, for instance. Yes, that was just after the Franco-Prussian War. That pre-war smile was long ago buried beneath the bulging shirt-front of the older one, but he described it in a solemn post-mortem way to his friend. The conversation runs something like this:—

"1st student of the drama—'Now, you'll enjoy this fellow, he is very funny. I remember the last time I saw him just before I left to join the Lafayette Zouaves in 1869. He is always good. Perhaps you don't fancy black-faced comedians?'

"2nd student of the drama—'My dear old chap, I am not so particular as all that. I can still laugh, I hope, without prejudice. These sort of fellows can be very funny if they don't overstep the line of probability. You know what I mean, if they are true to life.'

"1st student of the drama—'As I remember him (of course this is a long time ago, when I was more susceptible to the theatre perhaps, and less exacting in my standards). He had an unction, a je ne sais quoi, a mimicry that was truly African.'

"2nd student of the drama—'African humor as I recall it in my college days was chiefly delightful, because it had that inimitable banjo flavor. Does he play the banjo?'

"1st student of the drama—'Oh, yes. Plays it with masterly humor. In fact he makes the banjo, a very inarticulate instrument, speak, actually speak!'

(Right)

JULIA BALLEW

In the "Century Midnight Whirl" on the roof of the Century Theatre, Miss Ballew leads *"Throw 'Em In,"* a popular song hit, and with dainty Rosie Quinn is successful in putting over *"Society is Doing It Now"*

(Below)

MAY LESLIE

Besides being the only woman stage manager in New York—she holds that responsible post on the roof of the Century—Miss Leslie adds to the beauty of the "Midnight Whirl" by also appearing in the cast

(Below)

DAISY DE WITT

One of our best known and prettiest show girls who can be seen midnightly at the Century

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston

THEY HELP WHILE AWAY THE WEE HOURS

"2nd student of the drama—'Ah, that interests me. He must have a true spark then, in spite of being funny.'

"1st student of the drama—'I understand he is a very serious chap outside of his profession. Reads by himself, don't you know, and all that.'

"Fortunately, I don't hear what they say, but I can surmise. The instant I walk on the stage I try to look the other way, not to see them; my eyes wander beyond them to happier faces. But they have a focus that no human actor can escape. They make you feel like a close-up. So, you find yourself watching their studious faces. The man who saw you in 1870 is remembering. You can see by the mournful expression of his eyes that he is watching the effect you are having upon the friend of his boyhood. The latter wants to laugh, yes, he wants to, but he lost his laugh way back in the apple-orchard of time when Belasco was only a curly-headed, black-haired youngster, when the San Francisco minstrels were side-splitting. The funnier I try to be the thicker the ice spreads. He seems to grow remorseful; on the whole, I am sure he prefers the San Francisco minstrels and he misses the banjo. He takes you seriously, and you wish he wouldn't. There is neither an old laugh nor a new laugh in him. He listens, he sees, he even thinks,—but he is a victim of recollections. He belongs to the glorious past, which must have been a solemn one.

"In selecting a song there is only the hope that it will succeed, to hold on to it. You never can tell, you can only try it out. Some comedians take chances in this process that are heroic. My plan is to first learn the song, learn it well so that it is a pleasure to sing it. Then I go hunting. Armed with double-barreled weapons of optimism, I buttonhole the first man I can find to listen to it. I fasten it upon him with a grip of steel, I render him as helpless as possible—then I prepare him for the slaughter. My process is very much the same as what the zoologists tell me the cobra uses when preparing to give its notorious swallow act. I fascinate the victim with a promise of the best laugh he ever had. I tell him that the song has been written to test his sense of humor, that it is funnier than anything I have ever heard in the theatre, and that I regard it as the last word in comicality. Now, he may not be of a comical nature himself, but I infuse it into him. I make him smile, in spite of his predicament. He may not laugh at the song, it may even make him irritable, but I keep on hunting. I try it on various others, pursuing the same methods of optimistic appeal. By degrees I become valiant, daring, determined—and I sing it to an audience. Usually I avoid the topical song, because it never dies of old age. It suffers a premature demise, as soon as the topic of the time changes.

"'*Prosperity*' was a song of mine that might be called topical. In a sense it was, but it had a universal theme, and will never really expire. The theme of a humorous song is its chief character.

"There are three things besides the thing that a successful song must have, in my opinion. It must have a humorous situation, it must have a clear story, and a chorus that has a definite trick of words that is funny. The music is the least part of the trouble. The lyrics are the important feature. Many people regard my song '*Nobody*' as the best.

"While it was a great song, it had all the elements of theme, story and humor necessary. I don't think it was as good a song as '*Jonah.*' The latter song is perhaps a more direct appeal to something in the human heart, whereas '*Nobody*' appealed chiefly to the sympathies. The story of a funny song must be a real story, not one of burlesque. The chorus can elaborate the theme, even exaggerate it. It was '*Jonah*' that inspired the poker pantomime which was so well received.

"There are, of course, many humorous things that cannot be used because of their sensitive relation to national issues. Much depends upon the delivery of a song, which means the natural humor which the comedian creates.

"It is not a problem of getting new laughs, but chiefly a problem of keeping up with the old ones, after all!"

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

A critic on the Cincinnati Inquirer, after seeing George M. Cohan in one or two plays, named him the "official little flag waver of the American stage?"

Peggy O'Neil, who plays a leading role in "Tumble In," once turned to dressmaking for a living and had a shop on West 48th Street?

Alice Brady's mother, Marie Renee, was a clever actress who was very successful in portraying the title role in "She"?

Julian Eltinge once worked in a store which dealt in cloth and dress fabrics so as to familiarize himself with women's clothes. This experience was useful to him later in costuming his "women's" roles?

Eva Tanguay was born in Holyoke, Mass., but left her home town for the more exciting atmosphere of New York, where she started her stage career as a member of the chorus?

Mathilde Cottrelly, who plays Mrs. Pfeifer in "Friendly Enemies," has been on the stage fifty-seven years and was one of the first woman managers in this country?

There is a difference of two years in the ages of Mary and Florence Nash, Mary being the elder?

Mrs. Fiske became a star at the age of fifteen. The action of her present vehicle, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans" takes place in her birthplace—New Orleans?

The Princess Theatre was originally opened by Holbrook Blinn as a "Theatre of Thrills" where one-act pieces with a "punch" were presented? Now it has become a home of musical comedy, three "Oh" pieces having been given there—"Oh, Boy," "Oh, Lady, Lady," and "Oh, My Dear."

James K. Hackett, who is playing Old Bill in one of the "Better 'Ole" companies on tour, is the son of James H. Hackett, the most famous Falstaff of our stage?

Pauline Frederick began her stage life in the chorus? She was born in Boston on August 12, 1884.

Al Jolson was once a star feature in the "Nickleodians" doing twenty-three shows a day?

Clyde Fitch, during the eighteen years he was writing plays, made $1,500,000 in royalties?

At the age of four, DeWolf Hopper had a theatre where the audiences, actors, the manager, and all were impersonated by himself?

Mrs. Vernon Castle is the daughter of a New Rochelle doctor?

Blanche Ring's grandfather was stage director of the Boston Museum for thirty years?

Katherine Grey, whose real name is Best, and who will appear shortly in a new comedy entitled "The Cave Girl," has played the leading feminine roles to an imposing list of men stars: James A. Herne, Richard Mansfield, William Crane, Charles Coghlan, James K. Hackett, Henry E. Dixey, William Gillette, Nat Goodwin, Arnold Daly, Kyrle Bellew, J. H. Stoddart, J. E. Dodson, Robert Edeson, E. H. Sothern and John Drew?

The two Taliaferro sisters recently appeared on Broadway—Edith in "Please Get Married" and Mabel in "Luck in Pawn"?

Lee Shubert once said: "The reason we produce musical pieces is that the public demands this type of entertainment, and although the speculation is more dangerous than the making of dramatic productions, the chance of large profit is at least very alluring?

Julia Sanderson got her first experience in musical comedy in the chorus of "Winsome Winnie"? Now she is one of our brightest stars?

Almost every book Dickens ever wrote has stage possibilities?

John Westley, one of our most expert bedroom farceurs, has played with Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams and Richard Mansfield?

Bruce McRae was once a public surveyor in Australia?

Otis Skinner allowed an apple to be shot from his head in a performance of "William Tell" until prudence demanded that he secure a substitute?

Weber and Fields went to the same public school in Henry Street, New York, when they were seven years old, and later attended the Allen Street School from which they were dismissed for misbehavior?

When John M. Synge's drama "The Playboy of the Western World" was presented at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in 1912, potatoes and rotten eggs were thrown on the stage, and the disorder was so great that the actors could not be heard?

David Warfield received over $300,000 from a single season of "The Music Master"?

Graham Moffat, the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," used his mother as a model for Bunty?

Fritz Leiber, the new Hamlet, was intended for the ministry?

Edward Sheldon, the well known playwright, is a product of Prof. Baker's "English 47" class at Harvard?

Marie Dressler was born in Canada and went on the stage at the age of sixteen in "The Mikado"?

Actors consider it bad luck to place shoes on a chair in a dressing room?

Elsie Ferguson's father was a lawyer and her mother a very good amateur actress?

Jane Cowl was a newspaper woman before going on the stage?

Mary Pickford appeared on the legitimate stage under Belasco's management at the Republic Theatre in 1913 in "A Good Little Devil"?

From a portrait by Abbe

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Although not yet twenty, Miss Binney enjoys the distinction of having jumped over night into the leading role of a Broadway production, without previously having played a speaking part. She is the heroine, Penelope Penn, in "39 East" at the Broadhurst. Broadway first admired her for her graceful dancing in "Oh, Lady, Lady" and the "Midnight Frolic," and her followers have been greatly increased by her success in the movies

ACTORS BY ACCIDENT

Well-known members of the exclusive Four Hundred who enjoy the novelty of appearing as "supers"

By GEORGE C. JENKS

AMONG the many minor troubles which add wrinkles to the brow of a manager producing a new play is that of selecting supernumeraries who will look something like the characters they are supposed to represent. The difficulty is increased when "extras" are called upon to portray members of that fortunate class who have always enjoyed inherited wealth and luxurious surroundings. The repose of those who have never known sordid worries is hard to simulate. Of course, there are always people to be procured from the regular "super" agencies who wear evening clothes well and who can carry a distinguished air even in rough tweeds or the plain white blouse of a stenographer.

Fortunately, however, there is another source from which the New York manager often can fill his auxiliary cast, and usually in a most satisfactory manner. It has long been one of the diversions of what are loosely called society people to "go on" in productions which include supers in the ensemble, and in which no stage costumes or make-up are demanded. The mystery of "behind the scenes" never loses its fascination for non-professionals, no matter what their social position, and few persons will refuse a chance to blunder about in the gloom of the *coulisses,* especially with the additional thrill of actually appearing before an audience.

WHEN the English melodrama, "The Whip," was running in New York, it became quite the fashionable thing for a party of young people, and some not so young, to slip away from some function in Fifth Avenue, or even to desert the opera temporarily, so that they could ride on the railroad train that steamed across the stage of the Manhattan Opera House, and from which the box-car containing the famous race horse in the play was dramatically detached by the villain, seemingly at the imminent risk of his worthless life. Among the passengers who, on one certain night, could be seen at the car windows, was a lady, a leader in society, whose married name is regarded as the most aristocratic in America, one bearer of the name being to-day an English peer. With her were other personages of both sexes whose faces are familiar in the "Golden Horseshoe," at the Metropolitan, and it was said by one of the business staff of the theatre that the aggregate wealth represented in two of the "prop" coaches was not far short of a billion dollars. Then he whispered the names of the passengers, and there were tears in his voice as he regretted the impossibility of giving them to the newspapers.

"It would be a great bit of publicity to tell how the flower of America's aristocracy is riding with us to-night," he said. "But it would not do. They are the guests of the management, and the first thing the chaperon of the party insisted on, after saying that they would enjoy the experience, was that their incognito should be strictly preserved. It's a queer thing," he added thoughtfully. "These same swells will take part in amateur performances and show themselves as eager for prominence on the programme as a comic opera comedian, but when they appear professionally they seem to feel a little ashamed. I don't now why. Probably it's for the same reason—or lack of reason—that some persons hide their faces with their hands in a group photograph."

"How do these amateur supers compare with those who make a business of it?" was asked.

"The amateurs are quite as good as the regulars," came the prompt answer. "In 'The Whip,' they were requested not to look at the audience, but to converse easily with each other while the train was in view of the front of the house. That was the only stage direction they got, and they obeyed it to the letter.

YOU know, with the aid of a panoramic background, supplemented by a rocking and jolting of the cars and other devices, the train was made to seem dashing along at express speed, and yet was a minute or two actually crossing the stage. That is a long time to hold one position and fight natural curiosity, but not one of the passengers ever looked out of the window, although, if it had been a real train they might well be expected to glance now and then at the passing scenery. If they had done so, they would have stared straight into the faces of the folks in the orchestra seats and spoiled the illusion. The bonâ fide super, at fifty cents a performance, might have made a break of this kind, but not these conscientious millionaires. They had all been to college, no doubt, and the higher education will tell—" he ended, with a grin.

The fancy for "suping" is not a new one with men and women of the wealthier class. When the late John T. Raymond played *Colonel Sellers,* he enlisted the services on the stage at different times of not less than a hundred well-to-do young New Yorkers, who to-day, are the mature bankers, captains of industry, scientists, architects, lawyers and generally distinguished men of this metropolis. In his play, "The Gilded Age," there was a trial for murder, a very important scene, and Mr. Raymond had always had difficulty in procuring twelve presentable men to personate the jury.

THEN he had a happy idea. He instructed his manager to advertise in the newspapers for "twelve gentlemen," who were asked to present themselves at the stage door between certain hours. The unusual wording of the advertisement together with the magic of the "stage door," brought to the manager a score of well-dressed young fellows whom he recognized as belonging to a class superior to that from which he generally drew his supers. Being a shrewd showman, he saw the advantage in improving the personnel of his jury, and he requested the whole twenty to return to the theatre in the evening, giving them credentials which would get them past the stage-doorkeeper.

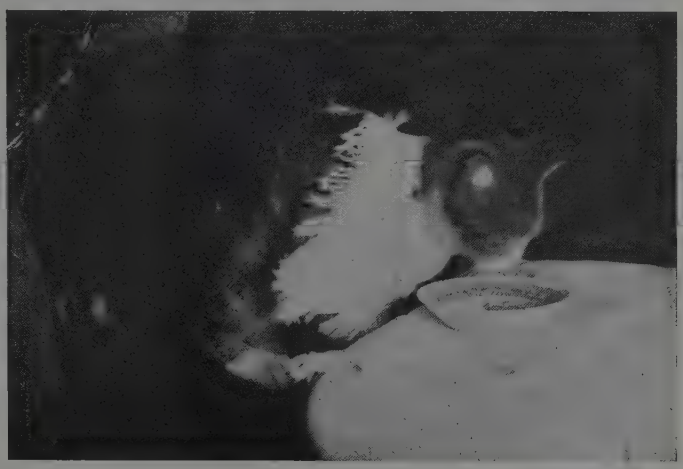
At night about fifteen reported, and he selected a dozen of the most serious-faced to go into the jury-box, allowing the others to remain on the stage to witness the performance. The jury, having been duly warned to "Look solemn, gentlemen. Remember this is a trial for murder, with a young woman's life at stake, and above all, don't laugh," came into view of the audience and tried to obey orders. But the comicalities of the star were too much for them, and despite frequent admonitions from the wings to "Look solemn, gentlemen," they grinned like a battalion of Cheshire cats throughout the scene. But Raymond was used to that, and it was decided that the jury had done fairly well. So they were invited to return the next night. As the manager had expected, however, only a few of the original twenty came—five in all. But there were a dozen new ones, who had heard of the fun and were desirous of breaking in. So, from that night till the end of the New York run, the gilded youth of the city was represented, twelve at a time, in that rickety old imitation jury-box, and a new amusement had been found for society which, except during the war, when more weighty occupations took its place, has never flagged from that day to this.

THERE is another element of actors by accident who seldom appear on the stage, and whose activities are confined to vaudeville.

They are the bewildered individuals in the audience in whose pockets the loquacious magician, tripping down a flight of steps from the stage, finds live rabbits, ducks, pigeons, the watch and chain the magician borrowed from someone in another part of the house, and occasionally a bull-terrier pup, or it may be the ace of diamonds which has just been elaborately burned before the eyes of the audience, and which the bewildered one produces himself from his own pocket, to prove that there is no collusion with the prestidigitateur. These ostensibly innocent participants are known as "plants." Considerable circumspection is necessary in their selection, since a premature disclosure of the rabbits or what-not would be simply awful—for the performer on the stage. In many cases some attaché of the theatre will act as a plant merely to oblige the magician, while with others it is a straight matter of business, and they are paid a stipulated sum for their services.

It is not only before the footlights that accidental actors from the more or less leisure class take part on the stage in "legitimate" performances. Since the armistice many wealthy women who have done their share in entertaining soldiers in France—sometimes dangerously near the front line—and who have acquired a liking for that sort of thing, find pleasure in going "behind" in theatres where musical plays are running and joining in the choruses from the wings. Managers never object to an additional good voice, especially when it is the property of some prominent society personage, and many an audience enjoys a particularly good musical ensemble quite unaware that a fair share of its volume is furnished by some one whose name is quite unknown in the theatre, but who, to use vaudeville jargon, is a "headliner" in the worshipping society journals.

(Above)
THE SALON



(Inset)
THE REIGNING FAVORITE

Photos Juley

(Below)
THE LIBRARY

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S favorite place of residence in the summer time is his house boat, the "Aunt Polly." Some one asked the actor once why he called his boat the "Aunt Polly." "Well," said he, "I named her after a dear old lady I used to know down in South Carolina. They resemble each other. The original Aunt Polly couldn't move very fast and she was mighty good to me." The "Aunt Polly" is really a very luxurious and comfortable floating home. Mr. Gillette entertains favored guests there sometimes, but often his only companion—except his Japanese valet—is his cat and it is quite evident from the picture that pussy feels very much at home on board.

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S HOUSE BOAT, THE "AUNT POLLY"

"THE JEST"—AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

Lionel and John Barrymore score hits in a powerful Italian play

SEM BENELLI
Author of "The Jest"

A TRIUMPHANT success of the present theatrical season has been the production by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre of "The Jest," a romantic play of the modern Italian theatre by Sem Benelli. Written about ten years ago, the piece had a tremendous vogue in Italy and was produced in Paris by Sarah Bernhardt in a metrical version made for her by Jean Richepin.

The play is laid in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in Florence, and "the feast of the Jest"—the literal translation of the play's Italian title "La Cena Delle Beffe"—is laid in the great hall of one of the Florentine palaces, that of Tornaquinci, head of a royal house there. The play opens on the preparation for this feast, which has been ordered by Lorenzo, with young Giannetto Malespini, a painter of Florence, for host. Tornaquinci does not know who is to be present, except young Malespini (John Barrymore), but a magnificent supper has been prepared, including the fieriest of Cyprus wines. Suddenly there is a knock at the great iron doors, and Giannetto enters. There has been news of the fact that the Chiaramantesi, two burly brothers who are mercenaries in the Florentine army, have sadly ill-used the painter, the night before, following their habit of six years' standing, when first they discovered that the painter feared them.

TORNAQUINCI: Take off your mantle, and let us hear from your own lips what happened last night on the Ponte Vecchio.

GIANNETTO: Has not all Florence told you?

TORNAQUINCI: I want the truth.

GIANNETTO: My dear sir, it is very simple I had been working all day at San Stefano, putting the last touches on my "Concepcion." When daylight failed, I started for the house of a dear friend whose garden lies beyond the city walls. I was crossing the Ponte Vecchio and singing—for I was happy, sir, when, just by the Greek jeweler's on the further side, they sprang on me.

TORNAQUINCI: The Chiaramantesi?

GIANNETTO *(nodding)*: One held my hands, the other stripped me of my hose, and then they laid me on an empty cask and with their dagger points they etched upon my skin.

TORNAQUINCI: What?

GIANNETTO *(checking them off on his fingers)*: One bleeding heart, pierced by an arrow. That was Neri's thought. One lover's bow-knot—that was Gabriello. One donkey with great standing ears.—Yes, there I lay before the passers-by, half naked, high on my barrel, stabbed until the cobblestones were spattered with my blood.

TORNAQUINCI: The dogs, the hounds!

GIANNETTO: But nature at last, dear sir, was merciful. I fainted. I remember hoping it was death. But no, I came to life again beneath the cold black river water—strangling, fighting—drowning.

TORNAQUINCI: The beasts!

GIANNETTO: I tore my way out of the sack they'd sewn me in. I tried to swim, but I was weak from pain and loss of blood. I think I had sunk twice when the current drove me against an anchored rowboat where some men were fishing. They hauled me in. I went home to my lodgings, crawling the last two hundred paces on my hands and knees. And that, my dear sir, is the true version of the tale that has diverted Florence for a day.

TORNAQUINCI: The swine!

GIANNETTO *(lightly)*: Come, come! It was a farce, a whim, a pleasantry. So laugh, I beg you, sir. A joke's a joke!

TORNAQUINCI: I see the iron has bitten deep into your soul. But tonight we shall banish bitter memories with wine and music. Tonight, you shall sit here like a prince among his faithful friends. You smile? Come, tell me whom you have invited to my supper? Is it the Roman poet from the Villa de Medici, and young del Sarto?

GIANNETTO: No poets, sir, no painters. Soldiers tonight.

TORNAQUINCI: Soldiers?

GIANNETTO: Brace of mercenaries, with a sense of humor, too. In fact, the very ones who played the joke on me.

TORNAQUINCI: What! Not the Chiaramantesi—not Neri and Gabriello?

GIANNETTO: Yes. The Great Lorenzo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who hates these foreign bravos as he hates the devil, has nevertheless commanded that I, at your table, this very evening, now, should offer them my hand in greeting, as a friend.

TORNAQUINCI: Holy Madonna! After the vile trick they played you?

GIANNETTO *(in a sudden spasm of rage)*: Ah, would God I could tear their hearts out smoking from their bodies and squeeze them dry as bones with my two hands. *(Recovering himself.)* And yet, what's in a ducking, after all? We must remember it was done in play. A joke! Pouf! nothing more, my dear sir, nothing more.

TORNAQUINCI: How comes it that Lorenzo the Magnificent, Lord of Florence, the man of letters, the patron of the arts—

GIANNETTO *(interrupting)*: Should bid me grovel at the feet of two base Pisan mercenaries? Ah, do not blame him, sir. Never was the Magnificent more worthy of his name! Such tact, such taste! Wait, sir, and you shall see.

Before Giannetto will tell the Tornaquinci, however, what plan he and Lorenzo have laid for the feast, the young painter tells how his life has been shaped by the tortures of the mercenaries.

GIANNETTO: You think me gay, blessed by the saints and angels that I love to paint. Yet all I feel, asleep or waking, is a dull ferocity.

TORNAQUINQI: Not that! If that were true, after so many—

GIANNETTO: Yes, yes, I know. The sack, the dagger points, the jeering crowds. And yet, ferocious savage though I be, I am a coward. That's why the Chiaramantesi chose me for their victim. I'm eighteen. Six years ago I was twelve. That's when I met them first. In May it was, and I was going to school. They had just come to Florence, and were wrestling before the barracks in the Via Fossi. I stopped to watch them. They were strong as lions. And as I stood there, wondering in my childish way if Ajax and Achilles had been half so glorious, they spied me out, and as they looked, my heart stood still. "Hi, tickle-my-chin," the tallest cried, "what are you, cock or hen?" I was so frightened I began to weep and then they spat on me and made me catch twelve big blue flies, and eat them one by one. *(Pause.)* What could I do? I was so weak and small. And from that day to this, we never met, but that they fell upon me with their fangs and claws. "Defend yourself!" my friends advised me, as I grew older. "Have courage, be a man!" And even they, my persecutors, would taunt and goad me to resistance. Then, when rage seized me and I flew at them, then was the top-notch of their joy! How they would grin and pummel me, and twist my arms until I screamed for mercy. Ah, God, when I think of these last six years! To wake up, trembling every morning. Night after night to cry myself to sleep—yes, I—Lorenzo's friend, young Messer Malespini! To know in my soul I have no courage, and that I never will have—never.— *(Pause.)* Then came the miracle. Into the gutter of my life there dropped a rose. She was the daughter of the fishmonger near the Roman gate, Ginevra. We loved each other. She was good, and beautiful. I painted her as "The Madonna" in my "Annunciation." We were to marry. And then, the night before the banns were published, they—they came.

TORNAQUINCI: They?

GIANNETTO: The Chiaramantesi. They had found us out. They paid her father fifty ducats and carried her away. Neri, as elder, claimed her for himself. He put her in a great, rich house and keeps her for his pleasure. She is his slave, his toy, his animal. At first, I thought I should go mad. Each night she drifted to me on my dreams, all white and piteous, whispering my name—at last, sir, I gave way. I wrote to her. I begged to see her, just to say good-bye. She answered, telling me to come at sundown to her garden gate beyond the city walls. I went. That sir, was yesterday. The rest you know.

When Giannetto is then about to confide the "jest" to his host, the plan by which he hopes at last to strike his wits against the Chiaramantesi brutality, he is interrupted by a second knocking at the door.

NERI: Hail, noble host! Three hungry gadabouts salute thee!

TORNAQUINCI: Welcome, Good Messer Neri, for you, I think, *are* Neri?

NERI: Yes, Neri, in whose beard doves nest. And this, sweet sir, is Gabriello, by the grace of God my brother, And this, Ginevra, late the danghter of a vile fishmonger, now an orient pearl, hung lightly in my ear. *(Seeing Giannetto for the first time.)* Ha, Body of God! Behold our little friend! What? Still alive? A miracle! *(Looks closer.)* Bah! Soul of a cat, he sweats with fear. *(Takes Giannetto by the arm.)* Come, wren, be happy. We've brought the jewel of your twittering heart, your little birdship's dream of wedding bells. Come, lick-pot, present her with a kiss. On the hand! No lady gives her lips to mice. *(To Ginevra.)* Come, give the little fish your hand!

Giannetto kisses it fervently, and is thrown aside by Neri.

NERI: He loves her still! Scum, would you beslime my food?

TORNAQUINCI: Come, softer names and gentler manners, sir! The Magnificent himself has had you meet here for the sake of peace.

NERI: A word that I am ill acquainted with. By the eleven thousand Virgins of Cologna, sir, war's my trade! I topple over dukes and princes, I give and take away the crowns of kings. I'd pull the nose of any man in Christendom for two hairs from a blind dog's tail. Why, many's the joke I've cracked with your Magnificent—

GIANNETTO: You made me laugh last night, sir, I'll confess it. Since I am so helpless, I ask for peace.

NERI: Now, by the white breasts of St. Jezebel.

GINEVRA *(interrupting)*: Say yes, my soul.

NERI: What, I who pick my teeth with a two handed sword, I make peace with this white food for fleas?

GINEVRA *(coaxing)*: Say yes, love, for my sake.

NERI *(sighing)*: So be it. Peace it is.

GIANNETTO: Your hand, good friend—

NERI: What? Shivering still? Poor jelly, calm yourself. Neri forgives you. Come, bantam, to a soldier's arms.

GIANNETTO: I will embrace *you*, Gabriello.

GABRIELLO: Why should I alone receive your favors.

Photos Abbe

John Barrymore as Giannetto, the youthful Florentine painter, and victim of the Chiaramantesi's brutality

Lionel Barrymore as Neri, the more powerful of the Chiaramantesi brothers, notorious bullies and mercenaries

Maude Hanaford as Ginevra, beloved of Giannetto and torn away from him by Neri. Through the love of Gabriello, the other Chiaramantesi brother, for Ginevra, Giannetto is able to wreak his vengeance

THE BARRYMORES IN "THE JEST"—A PICTURESQUE ITALIAN DRAMA

GIANNETTO: Because, in spite of all, in spite of everything, we are united by a bond of pain.

GABRIELLO: Of pain?

GIANNETTO: I watched you, Gabriello, tonight. You love Ginevra.

This sudden announcement brings on a sharp scene between the Chiaramantesi, at the end of which Gabriello leaves for Pisa, vowing he will not return till he has cured himself of his love for Ginevra. So the feast begins, with Giannetto, Neri, Ginevra, and the Tornaquinci. Ginevra does not scruple to taunt the young Giannetto with the fact that she is his lost "white rose," nor does Neri hesitate to goad him by half-drunken caresses. But Giannetto, true to his threat, keeps his wits to use, and finally so inflames Neri with the Cyprus wine that he is willing to accept a wager to don some Spanish armor, enter a fashionable wine shop reserved for the dandies of the court of Lorenzo, and pull the nose of the proprietor. As soon as the swaggering Neri has left on his mad errand, Giannetto sends his dwarfed servant to warn the wine shop revellers that Neri has gone mad, and intends a wholesale murder

The second act is laid in the ante-chamber of Ginevra's room. At dawn of the following morning, she is wakened with the tale of how Neri, her patron, has gone mad, has killed and maimed the wine-shop guests, and is now securely tied up in a near-by horsestall. She derides the tale, and tells how Neri has come home the night before, and is even now peacefully asleep in his bed. But as she speaks, the door opens, and the man who comes forth is not Neri, but Giannetto. He has entered by means of Neri's stolen key, with Neri's lost red coat around him. After a little, he persuades her that Neri is mad, and soon thereafter, he persuades her to betray Neri, and return to him. She consents, but even as they kiss, they hear the warning that Neri has broken free and will return. Ginevra escapes to her bedroom, and Giannetto slips down a circular stairway, then Neri rushes in, still frothing with his rage and maddened by his humiliation. While Neri beats at the door of his mistress, barred against him, he hears the rush of approaching men. He turns to greet the gaolers of the Medici, and though he fights like four men, he is finally overpowered. When he is tightly bound, Giannetto slips back from his stairway, brings the cowering Ginevra from her room, and in his turn torments the mercenary with the kisses of Ginevra. Neri is then thrown into a dungeon under the Medici palace, and Giannetto plans a visit to him. Giannetto is followed by Fazio, his dwarf, who, before he sends for Neri, stops and begs to give him news.

FAZIO: Bad news. Gabriello has come back.

GIANNETTO: From whom did you hear?

FAZIO: From Ginevra's servant. Gabriello has found out everything—that Neri is stark mad, that he lies here in chains, that you, and none else, planned his downfall. He went to them when first he heard the news.

GIANNETTO: He saw Ginevra?

FAZIO: No. She recognized his voice outside the door, and shot the bolts and would not let him in. He begged her, on his knees. "You think I'd harm you?"—these were his very words —"Lord God, how could I, when I love you so?" And more in the same strain. How, even though she had conspired with you, good master, to betray his brother, he had not come to chide or punish her. That one touch of her loveliness would drive all memories of Neri from his heart. That he was sick with longing, drunk with his desire—she was his life, his soul, his hope of Paradise.

GIANNETTO: And did she let him in?

FAZIO: Never, good master. She feared the tiger heart beneath the feathers of the dove. She knows the Chiaramantesi.

GIANNETTO: Yes, she knows! Go on, what happened then?

FAZIO: Why, then he fell into a fearful rage and spat forth oaths and threats against your person. To lie in wait for you before your lodgings, and seize you as you came in.

GIANNETTO: Sweet thought! And did he act upon it?

FAZIO: I saw him crouching by the cobbler's door—you know, good master, just across the way. He was staring at your windows, whistling through his teeth, and fingering the handle of his sword.

GIANNETTO: Is he there now?

FAZIO: Like a cat at a rat-hole.

GIANNETTO: Which flames burn hottest in his soul, I wonder—love or hate.

FAZIO: Love, love, good master.

GIANNETTO: And yet he loves his brother.

FAZIO: The love of women transcends all other loves. It is the breath of life, the voice, the cry, the silver song that lifts the soul to God. It is the cup of blood and burning wine that goads the father on to kill his child, the brother to commit the crime of Cain—

GIANNETTO *(his eyes gleaming)*: The crime of Cain—

FAZIO *(continuing)*: In his wild eyes there was not only rage against you, master, but such a frenzy of desire for her that I believe he'd fall upon his knees and kiss your feet as he would kiss the cross, so long as you took pity on his torment, and led him panting to her chamber door.

GIANNETTO *(with fearful joy)*: Each syllable you utter is a jewel that falls into the black depths of my heart, and writes on those charred walls in words of fire: "At last, I am stronger than my enemies!"

But before the young Giannetto will play the last, most hideous jest of all, he confronts Neri and begs that they cry quits at last. Giannetto is ardently persuasive, he pleads that for both their sakes they shall drag each other into no more wrong-doing, but Neri remembers the intolerable scene of Giannetto's kisses to Ginevra, and when he is asked to kiss Giannetto's hand, he sets his teeth into it instead.

Then, Giannetto, having warned him that he must use his wits if he goes that night to Ginevra's house to murder the painter of madonnas, lets him free. Neri goes. He finds a white-cloaked figure, and he murders him. But Giannetto, to the end, had used his wits. He has, though he has damned his own soul in the doing of it, taken the dwarf's counsel and led Neri to commit "the crime of Cain."

FOR A THEATRICAL MUSEUM

William Shakespeare's quill pen.

George M. Cohan's fountain pen.

David Garrick's snuffbox

Clyde Fitch's cigarette case.

Lester Wallack's powder puff.

Harry Woodruff's curling irons.

Madame Modjeska's earrings.

Viola Allen's necklace.

Salvini's broadsword.

Kyrle Bellew's rapier.

Ristori's bracelet.

Adele Ritchie's side-combs.

Sarah Siddon's prompt-book.

Sarah Bernhardt's diary.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's inkwell.

Samuel Shipman's typewriter.

Rosina Vokes' buttonhook.

Fay Templeton's shoehorn.

Joseph Jefferson's chest protector.

Mrs. Langtry's court-plaster.

Charlie Chaplin's boots.

Yvette Guilbert's gloves.

E. H. Sothern's watch charm.

Julia Marlowe's locket.

Rachel's eyebrow pencil.

Bertha Kalich's lip rouge.

Henry Irving's walking stick.

Ellen Terry's parasol.

May Irwin's house slippers.

Jane Cowl's boudoir-cap.

Emily Stevens' reading-lamp.

Emma Dunn's sewing machine.

Maude Adams' lavender-sachet.

Theda Bara's incense-pot.

John Drew's first dress-suit.

Lillian Russell's first wedding-ring.

William Gillette's high school diploma.

Mrs. Fiske's birth-certificate.

Mary Pickford's curl-papers.

Douglas Fairbanks' rubber heels.

Richard Mansfield's scrap-book.

William S. Hart's pocket-book.

The first musical composition by Reginald de Koven.

The first musical composition by Irving Berlin.

Julian Eltinge's corsets.

Vesta Tilley's suspenders.

The first mash-note received by William Faversham.

The last mash-note received by Leo Ditrichstein.

Isadora Duncan's sandals.

Ruth St. Denis' girdle.

Effie Shannon's rose-jar.

Eva Tanguay's electric-battery.

The cradle generally used by Eddie Foy.

A statue from the front of Amelia Bingham's house.

Annette Kellerman's swimming-cap.

A pair of Houdini's handcuffs.

One of David Belasco's clerical collars.

One of Oscar Hammerstein's silk hats.

Al Jolson's spotlight.

Nora Bayes' spotlight.

The wig worn by Fanny Davenport in "Cleopatra."

The wig worn by Wallace Eddinger in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

A portrait of Fanny Ward's father, painted in 1819.

"Casey at the Bat," autographed by DeWolf Hopper.

Al Wood's cash-register.

Fatty Arbuckle's weighing-machine.

Edwin Booth's tights, worn in "Hamlet."

Frankie Bailey's tights, worn at Weber and Fields'.

The first bed ever used in a French farce.

The first jewels ever lost by an actress.

The first American flag ever used on the stage to boost a poor play.

HAROLD SETON.

Photo Maurice Goldberg

GRACE CODY, HARRIET HOCTOR AND ZAZA ARROYA
in *"Spring's Awakening"*

EDITH HADDEN
in a costume dance "The Letter"

ELMA BAYER
in a classic dance

NORMA DERBY
in a Dutch Folk Dance

ABOUT fifty coming society debutantes, pupils in the Chalif School of Dancing, took part recently in a programme of interpretative, folk and classic dances presented at Carnegie Hall to raise a scholarship fund for embryo professionals with unusual talent. Among those taking part were Miss Gloria Gould, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, who interpreted "Spring's Awakening" to Grieg's music. Others were Misses Norma Derby, Ruth Thomas, Grace Cody, Harriet Hoctor, Zaza Arroya, Gertrude Wolff, Elizabeth Dial, Edith Hadden, Annette Sleeper, Ann Elizabeth Kieswetter, Susan Jane Stallings and Dorothy Mason. The patronesses include Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. August Belmont, Col. and Mrs. Charles Elliott Warren

TERPSICHORE ATTRACTS FUTURE SOCIETY DEBUTANTES

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS OF THEATRE-LAND

Black cats, actors' toes, rabbits' feet, and peacocks' feathers all regarded as bad or lucky omens

By CHARLES BURNHAM

SUPERSTITIOUS beliefs old as the hills and numerous as "glittering gems of morning dew," still obtain with many of those connected with the theatre. It is not confined to the minor members of the profession nor to the actor alone, managers themselves frequently placing confidence in many of these various omens.

Dion Boucicault, the noted actor and playwright of former days, declared that most of the superstitious beliefs attached to the theatre originated in the continental cities of Europe, where the ballet predominated, members of this branch of the profession being particularly susceptible. They had unbounded faith in the belief that should they take part in any production where the scenery used was painted blue, misfortune in the form of death or loss of salary would be their lot. Only when scenery was decorated with silver ornamentation would they consent to appear, silver being supposed to remove the evil attributed to the use of blue.

Another of their dogmas to which they attached the utmost faith was that participation in a rehearsal on a Sunday would bring disaster to the theatre or its people. The story is told that when "Jim" Fisk was manager of the Grand Opera House in New York, he called a Sunday rehearsal of the ballet he had imported from Europe. They came to the theatre, but absolutely refused to take part, and when later in the week Fisk was shot, they pointed to it as irrefutable evidence of their contention.

THERE is a well-known "star" now before the public who inherits the ballet-girls' belief that a color can convey misfortune. At one period in his career he essayed a Shakespearian character for which he was unsuited and made a failure of it. The morning following his appearance in the rôle, he entered the theatre in a most excited state and proceeded to berate his manager, blaming him for the failure. When the astonished manager inquired the reason why, he was told it was all due to the fact that the printing used to advertise the "star" had been printed with green ink, and he should have known that green was the actor's unlucky color.

There is an old custom still in vogue that on the opening night of a new play, no person presenting a free ticket shall be admitted until a paid ticket has been deposited in the box. Unless this procedure be observed, believers in "signs" prophesy failure for the play. William Wheatley, a prominent actor and manager, directed the fortunes of Niblo's Garden in 1866, when "The Black Crook" was first presented. On the opening night, Wheatley stood by the side of the doorkeeper to watch the entrance of the enormous crowd waiting patiently to get into the theatre. First to try was a woman, when Wheatley suddenly sprang forward and literally threw her away from the door. "You must not be the first," he cried to the astonished and affrighted visitor,—"to admit a woman first would be to ruin the success of the play."

IN speaking of the incident afterwards, he insisted that, while in no way superstitious, he attributed the great success which the play attained, as being partly due to his having refused to allow a woman to be the first to enter his theatre on the opening night.

A black cat is supposed to be an infallible source of good luck about a theatre and all dark felines are treated with the greatest care and consideration. Even so famous a play-house as the Théâtre Français possesses one of these animals and it is considered a privileged character in that classic temple of the drama. Fortunate, indeed, does any member of that institution consider him or herself if when entering the theatre the cat meets him at the door, and doubly fortunate the lucky one whom the cat might brush against while in the theatre.

MANY stories have been told of the black cat domiciled at one time in the Haymarket Theatre, London. One writer said the possession of the animal was: "A case where the management took time by the fore-lock by having puss wander among the audience on an opening night. She came and perched herself by my chair and I really am confident I enjoyed the play the more."

On the first night of Henry Irving's appearance in New York in "Faust," a black cat belonging to the theatre strayed upon the stage while the play was in progress, and ensconced itself to one side of the scene out of the actors' way. The flashes of lightning, the flaming sheets of fire and the almost continuous roll of stage thunder used in the drama failed to disturb the serenity of the animal and it remained fixedly in its position until the fall of the curtain. In speaking with Mr. Irving the following morning, regarding the incident, as to whether it had distracted his attention, he answered with his proverbial smile: "Not at all. It was a well behaved spectator, and perhaps other spectators may have thought it contributed to the success of the night."

NOT long since a well-known actor was on his way home after a jovial evening spent in his club, when in crossing the street he was thrown down by a cat which darted suddenly between his feet. A passing automobile gave him a slight wound and when commiserated with by those who came to his assistance he replied: "I call that a piece of luck. Did you notice it was a black cat? I sure am going to have something good come my way." His belief was realized—he had two weeks' excellent care in a hospital.

There is a certain race of people who have great faith in the belief that ownership of a rabbit's hind foot will ward off disaster. It may have been that some such idea as this was in the mind of the great actor Edmund Kean, when on his visit to America, he caused the remains of another great actor, George Frederick Cooke, to be re-interred in another spot in St. Paul's Churchyard. Kean had the casket opened and appropriated one of the toe-bones of the actor (some authorities claim it was a part of the forefinger), which he preserved for many years as a talisman. Kean, the story relates, was possessed with the same belief in signs which most of the actors of his day entertained and gave his relic credit for carrying good luck with it.

On his return to England, the company from the Drury Lane Theatre went to meet him, in order to grace his entry into the metropolis. On encountering Kean, they were about to welcome him, when he stopped them.

"Before you say a word, my friends, behold! Fall down and kiss this relic! This is the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever walked the earth—George Frederick Cooke. Come, down with you all, and kiss the bone."

The little black relic was then produced, and each actor in his turn fell upon his knees and kissed it till all had performed the ceremony. Kean preserved the relic for many years, the story continues, with the greatest reverence, until one day Mrs. Kean in a fit of passion, flung it from the window. Kean never knew what became of his talisman, and in mourning its loss would frequently say to his brother actors: "I feel as if I had lost my dearest friend."

For all the admiration bestowed upon that vain bird, the peacock, the belief in the ill-luck that attends the possession of its feathers is wide-spread; particularly in theatre-land.

WHEN Helena Modjeska was appearing in New York during one of her engagements, a friend sent her on the opening night a most beautiful fan made from the feathers of the bird of superstition. She handed it to her husband with a cry of aversion and he immediately carried it to the basement of the theatre and threw it into the furnace. When asked why he did not give such a beautiful gift to someone who had no superstitious belief in its ill-luck or else return it to the sender, he replied: "The harm would still be there for Madame had touched it and therefore it must be destroyed."

A well-known English writer tells how great surprise was expressed at the appearance in the production of a Christmas pantomime in London, of the character representing Juno, without anything in her dress to associate her with the peacock, the bird dedicated to the "Queen of Heaven." An inquirer was told that the omission was not accidental, but designed, theatrical people having a superstitious aversion to the peacock in any form appearing on the stage.

It remained for the manager of a theatre in New York to shatter the efficacy of this pet theory when, in erecting one of the most beautiful and costly playhouses in the country, he caused the proscenium arch to be decorated with facsimiles of the dreaded bird arrayed in all its glory. Many there were who prophesied dire happenings for this outrage upon one of the most sacred tenets of the believer in "signs," but the passing years have failed to see one of their predictions verified.

Pach

(Right)
HELEN FREEMAN IN "THE BONDS OF INTEREST"

The first production of The Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre was a picturesque comedy from the Spanish, with charming costumes of the Velasquez period, and beautiful settings. The Theatre Guild undoubtedly made an excellent start when they chose "Bonds of Interest" for their initial offering

(Left)
Adela Vivero, actress and ballerina of the Spanish Theatre, and seen in "Maruxa," the romantic opera recently presented here

(Right)
Caridad Davis, a typical Spanish soprano, full of grace, fire and vivacity who came to this country to appear in the Spanish Theatre Company

White

Scene in "Cielo Espanol," the after-opera revue which was presented here recently with native Spanish singers and Spanish dancers

THE SPANISH NOTE IN OUR THEATRE

HAS THE COSTUME PLAY COME BACK?

Recent Broadway successes point to a revival of interest in powdered hair and crinolines

By ADA PATTERSON

BROADWAY, the bias street that bisects Manhattan Island and is proverbially proof against surprises, has been surprised. The spring brought with the lark, the wood violet and house-cleaning, an amazing resurrection. That which the wise old street believed dead has been quickened. Nineteen Hundred Nineteen is the Easter year of the costume play.

Had you asked any "authority" of amusement highway what chance the costume play had on its panting-for-novelties stage it would have made a comparison, powerful but inelegant, with the duration of a snowball in the super-heated inferno. Indeed, the attempts of the daring in that direction have been marked not by brilliancy but by brevity. "The Eternal City," with Viola Allen as the star and the late E. M. Holland as the Pontiff was practically the last of the costume plays which registered success on the incandescent thoroughfare. He or she who recalls its production in New York must confess to a score of theatre-going years.

Thereafter those authorities who affirmed that Shakespeare spells ruin waxed more emphatic concerning the costume play. That play which disclosed powdered hair and huge panniers and crinolines, satin knickerbockers and velvet coats meant artificiality and artificiality meant more than ruin. It spelled the damnation of the career of the actor who wore them or the manager who payed for them. Broadway believed that the costume play was de mortuis profundis. Not merely dead, but buried deep and beyond recall.

The diagonal path to theatric success must be paved with modern plays, matters of the moment—better with concerns of tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

CAME then Henry Miller, bold and insouciant, presenting, "A Marriage of Convenience." A critic wrote of the play as a new one and the late and many dramaed Sydney Grundy as an author of little promise. But Billie Burke in the privacy of her dressing room called the critic a fool, and won the acting success of her career besides looking so ravishing in a certain pink silk lined hood that the audience stopped the action of the play to applaud her in the hood. Mr. Miller was her rakish husband in satin coat and lace ruffles, and with the not insurmountable handicap of a past. That enigmatic factor, the public, crowded the Henry Miller Theatre to which neither his unquestioned popularity, nor the today and tomorrow plays in which he had offered himself, had drawn it in considerable numbers.

"I needed a play. This was at hand. They happened to like it," laughed the perrenial boy who lives Peter-Pan-like in Mr. Miller's breast.

Yet when play choosing time again came the boy in him remembered the abrupt reversal of accepted public sentiment about the costume play. He communed with Phillip Moeller, who offered him an acting version of the life of Molière.

"Make it more of an acting version," he said, "but don't let him die acting. Make the death human and I'll take it."

For Henry Miller, the laughing boy quiet within him, the sage of many seasons drawing from the well of experience, reflected: "Everyone likes life on the stage. The costume play is life plus color. I'll risk another costume play."

He smiled, albeit a little wryly, when he wrote his house manager: "Molière is doing well on the road. When can we have the house?" and Cerberus of Henry Miller's Theatre answered its owner: "Don't know when you can get in. Mrs. Fiske in 'Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans' is packing house. Seats sold four weeks ahead."

AFTER much knocking at the gates of the gods of the booking paradise, who cherished a prejudice against panniers and tilting skirts of the seventeenth century, and approbation for the barrel and shimmy dances of the twentieth, the actor manager brought Molière to New York and housed it at the Liberty Theatre. Again the public formed lines upon the streets that caused non-theatregoers to ask: "Anybody dead or injured?" "No," responded one treasurer, fighting his way through the crowd to relieve another who had telephoned frantically that he couldn't handle the mob that wanted seats, 'Just somebody come to life with a vengeance."

George M. Cohan placed his individual stamp upon the "Royal Vagabond" and the golden comic opera, tight knickerbockers, perilously tipping skirts and all, came tilting into view as an all-season tenant of the Cohan & Harris Theatre.

John Barrymore, having importuned producing managers for three years, at last found one who did not cover his ears at the hateful sentence: "I grant you 'The Jest' is a costume play." And the brothers Barrymore, one in the tight green satin costume of the poet, the other in the scarlet of a roaring soldier, rivaled Henry Miller's Theatre two blocks down where Mrs. Fiske coquetted in spreading flowered silks and lace frilled bonnets and Henry Miller's production three blocks down in which Blanche Bates in golden wig and deeper gold robe, seductively wooed Molière.

AND then Jacinto Benevente, the Spaniard, took us back a century in "The Bonds of Interest," at the Garrick. That gowns shared honors with drama was attested by the reception accorded Amelia Summerville in her wig of pale gold and gown of copper colored silk, a reception as cordial as that which interrupted Billie Burke's lines when she donned the delight-bringing pink silk hood.

Why the resurrection of the costume play, from its mold of twenty years? Can Henry Miller's succinct: "It is life plus color" be enhanced? Winthrop Ames said: "A costume play is good at any time if it is the right kind of a costume play." George M. Cohan, resting from a season with his own present day play, "A Prince There Was," delivered these cogitations upon "The Royal Vagabond" and its ilk.

"The costume play seems to be like Shakespeare—it comes in cycles." One production suddenly appears on Broadway, and before you know it there are a half dozen of the same genre. The costume play has come in the spring, when gay clothes and colors appear more to the public fancy than the sombre dress of these prosaic times. But the good costume play, like any other good play, doesn't have to wait upon the weather.

"The Royal Vagabond" had to be a costume play because the scenes were laid in an imaginary kingdom—and it wouldn't be consistent to wear ordinary, everyday clothes in a land of make-believe. Then again, the story is about Kings, Queens, and Revolutionists; and the best way to judge these people is by the clothes they wear. Once more, "The Royal Vagabond" is an opera comique (even if it is Cohanized); and who ever heard of a plain clothes opera comique?

"Just now, the costume play may have a little point of psychology to propel it. I mean for four years we've had a lot of uniforms on our stage—plain uniforms, of khaki, olive drab or French blue. Most of the war plays, in fact, have practically been uniform plays; and it may be that the costume play is their joyous successor. If there is anything in this theory now is the time for a regular concatenation of costume plays. But as I said before, now is always the time for a good play, of any kind, and never the time for a bad one."

MRS. FISKE having seen a local belle enter a theatre box at St. Louis, while the audience turned from the stage to crane and smile at her, she coquetting gayly and personally with it, told Laurence Eyre of the incident. The tried, though young, stage manager, who in his 'prentice days, wrote "Things That Count," said: "Yes, the footlights could be placed about that incident. But let us place it in New Orleans in old Creole days."

To her credit is it that Mrs. Fiske flinched not at the thought of costume plays, though the memory of George Sand and her ugly trousers were still with her.

To produce the costume play has required a pioneer's courage. The Theatre Guild winced not when it understood that the Benevente romantic comedy, set in an earlier century, must be provided with the gorgeous costumes of that period.

Our own deductions from the pleasure we have had in the spring's freshet of costume plays? Are they not these? Emotion is a pendulum that swings from one extreme of the arc of life to the other. Our hearts have been burdened by the roll of drums and the thunders of the cannon of war. We would plunge for forgetfulness into the pool of romance, than which we could find nothing farther from the world war. After grim reality delightsome romance!

The doors of our minds, the gates of our hearts, the portals of the times, are open to the romantic drama.

Photo Abbe

ESTELLE WINWOOD

The English actress who has now become firmly entrenched in the hearts of American audiences. As Armande, the wife of Molière, and the leading comedienne in his company, in "Molière," at the Liberty, she is beautiful to look upon and acts with rare skill

Copyright Chas. H. Davis

OTIS SKINNER

The most popular of our romantic actors is appearing in a revival of one of his most successful rôles—Col. Philippe Bridau in "The Honor of the Family." The naturalness, dash, and finesse with which Mr. Skinner invests the role makes it one of his finest impersonations

IMPORTANT FIGURES IN ROMANTIC DRAMA

THE STAGE HONORS MRS. FISKE

Playwrights and players tender the actress a banquet at the Biltmore

THE scene was the Hotel Biltmore. The time was April sixth in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Nineteen. The cause was the desire of followers of her own art and the collateral arts, even to the art of money making, to tell Mrs. Fiske what they thought of her or to hear like sentiments from others.

The Society of Arts and Sciences was the host. The names of seventy-six of the foremost players of the American stage appeared in the list of committee of invitations. At the guest table in the brilliant gold ballroom of the Biltmore, raised high upon a long platform, sat Mrs. Fiske, looking as though she knew she ought to like it and was determined to like it, yet in the innermost chamber of her heart wishing she were in her uninvaded dressing-room. This evening, for the first time, the "foots" were absent, Tess-Leah Kleshna-Mary Magdalene-Erstwhile Susan-George Sand-Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans was quietly panic-stricken. But like the American soldier, that sat two covers below at her right, she did not flee. Frightened, she held her ground.

On her left sat Otis Skinner, his eyes agleam with the roguery that radiates from Col. Brideau in "The Honor of the Family." He was for the first time, playing the rôle of toastmaster. He gave himself a "bad notice." He prevaricated. The language is strong, but not of too great power. He deserves it for presently we heard him say that a companion at the table "lied." The companion denied it. It was a boyish tilt brimming with joyous comaraderie, between Mr. Skinner and Henry Miller, as to which was the other's senior.

Mr. Miller said Mr. Skinner was "wrong again." The toastmaster had said that Mrs. Fiske stood for the best on the stage. "She didn't," he insisted. "Once she stood for the worst, for she did endure me as her leading man." He told the story of "Caprice," its vogue of twenty-five years ago. He outlined what now would be deemed an absurd plot. He asserted that the Caprice before us "would sing 'In the Gloaming.'" Mrs. Fiske demonstrated that she was a good audience. She tossed up her piquant chin. Her shoulders, much narrower of yore, for she had banted successfully, shook with laughter.

Arose William Gillette. Mr. Gillette averred that he was not by nature inclined, nor by habit addicted, to praise. He enjoyed finding fault. "I should have been a dramatic critic," he asserted. He recalled "three shocking breaches of discipline which Mrs. Fiske, while Minnie Maddern, had permitted to occur in her company." He granted that she was young, but why should not a potential actress manager have been vigilant in detecting such evils, even while at the unripe age of eight or ten? Mrs. Fiske retorted that she had a distinct recollection of a "very long young man in the company who might have been Mr. Gillette." Followed Patrick Francis Murphy, renowned for post-prandial wit, a gentleman of preternatural solemnity, who would be a popular professional mourner. His phrases smack of intensive study. He approved the occasion because it anticipated "post-mortem politeness."

Mrs. Fiske listened to all compliments paid her with bowed head. She winked back the tears when John Drew, bowing low, said, "In 'Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans,' she gives us the finest performance of comedy we have seen in this city since, twenty-five years ago, Ada Rehan gave us of her best." But the next instant Mrs. Fiske tossed him the smiling answer: "There are actors and actors, but Mr. Drew stands alone in being an actor and well behaved. None of us can behave as well as Mr. Drew."

Julia Arthur, looking the goddess of night in trailing robes of black, paid a tender tribute to Mrs. Fiske as a comrade. "She was always cheerful on our all-star tour in a patriotic play. Even when we dressed together in a narrow little room beneath the roof her cheery 'Good Evening' drove away blues and weariness."

Farther down the board sat Geraldine Farrar, vital and glowing as a dark rose; Frances Starr, a pale snowmaiden, with intelligent eyes not unlike Mrs. Fiske's own. Both smiled their wordless tribute to The Greatest Among Us.

Major General John O'Ryan suggested that there be a living memorial to the soldiers who had fallen in the war. He wished it might take the form of a municipal theatre. Mary Shaw characterized Mrs. Fiske as "a great soldier because she never complained of conditions."

When Mrs. Fiske stood at her place before the centre of the table to reply, one realized as never before her physical smallness. The mightiest figure in the gold ballroom, the dominating feminine figure of the American stage, she looked slim as a girl graduate on Commencement Day.

"Beggar that I am I am poor in thanks," she began in crystal tones. "Yet I understand that this is more than a personal tribute to one who has sought to maintain, however faultily, some of the good traditions of the theatre. I feel that your presence here is a tribute to my profession, which has had many faithful and brilliant representatives. There are present, for example, two playwrights. One," she cast a smile at Mr. Long, "who wrote a good play, 'Dolce,' in which I had the pleasure of appearing, and Mr. Moeller, who put me into trousers and taught me to smoke long, black cigars." With a roguish flash at silent Daniel Frohman, she dubbed him "The smiling Iago who lured me into a form of art which we need not discuss here." She dismissed the reference to photodrama and told of two youths who had become famous managers who had fought for her ingenue smiles. "One was David Belasco who was always inviting me to ride. 'Ride' meant wandering all over the city in a train. He used to bring me beautiful flowers. So did Charles Frohman. Once they met at the stage door and there was a scuffle, an event which Mr. Frohman recalls with laughter but Mr. Belasco always with a solemnity as deep as his bow." Mr. Belasco's telegraphed salutation to "Our Queen" was read.

Mrs. Fiske concluded with a note of optimism. "Sarah Bernhardt, recalling her years of service to the theatre, said, 'To me the stage has always meant kindness, kindness, kindness.' To me it has meant joy, joy, joy."

Beside those stage celebrities at the table on the dais were other notable Thespians who sat about the smaller ones. Of these were Bruce MacRae, once her leading man, Julia Dean, Howard Kyle, and many of those whose names appeared on this list of the committee of invitation: George Arliss, Blanche Bates, Robert Hilliard, Maxine Elliott, William Faversham, Effie Shannon, H. B. Warner, Walker Whiteside, Chauncey Olcott, Cyril Maude, Robert B. Mantell, David Warfield, Robert Edeson, Joseph Cawthorne, Bertha Kalich, Ruth Chatterton, DeWolf Hopper, Leo Ditrichstein, Raymond Hitchcock, Fay Bainter, Marie Wainwright, Edith Taliaferro, Holbrook Blinn, Clara Joel, William Courtenay, Hamilton Revelle, Louis Mann, Thomas Wise, Louis Calvert, Ernest Glendinning, Henry Miller, George M. Cohan, Geraldine Farrar, Ethel Barrymore, Mme. Nazimova, Margaret Anglin, Amelia Bingham, Rose Coghlan, Frank Daniels, Henry E. Dixey, Elsie DeWolfe, Lew Fields, Virginia Harned, Mary Nash, Lionel Barrymore, Arthur Byron, Guy Bates Post, Frank McIntyre, Viola Allen, May Robsen, Harry Davenport, James K. Hackett, May Irwin, Charlotte Walker, Fritz Williams, Jane Grey, Helen Ware, James T. Powers, O. P. Heggie, Joseph Jefferson, Jr., W. B. Mack, Frederick Perry, Florence Reed, Hazel Dawn, Ethel Stannard, Adelaide Prince, Butler Davenport, Maude Hanaford, Violet Heming, Frank Bacon.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

George M. Cohan writes his plays and songs with a quill plucked from the wing of an American eagle.

The youthfulness of Fannie Ward is one of the oldest traditions of the stage.

Effie Shannon, co-star in "Under Orders," has not complained about the jealousies of the other women in the cast, because there are no other women in the cast.

Laurette Taylor prefers to be known for her clever acting rather than for her clever dressing. She does not care to be called "A Clothes-Peg."

A New England spinster once informed Ruth Chatterton that the work of the young star was delightful, especially in "Daddy-Longlimbs."

Mary Pickford is said to earn a million dollars a year. That must be at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars a curl.

Julia Sanderson lives on a diet of peaches-and-cream.

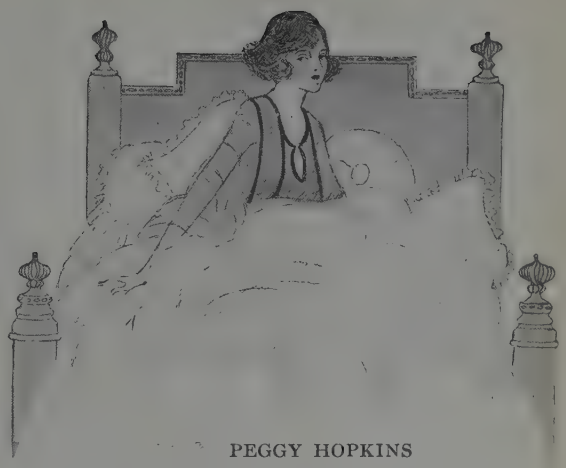
Robert B. Mantell was born without a funny-bone.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has a favorite passage in the Bible: "There is nothing hidden but shall be revealed."

David Belasco is an alchemist. He changes dross into gold.

MOLLIE KING

The Nell Brinkley girl who, with Charles King, justifies the catchline of their most popular song hit in "Good Morning, Judge," *"I Am so Young and You Are so Beautiful"*

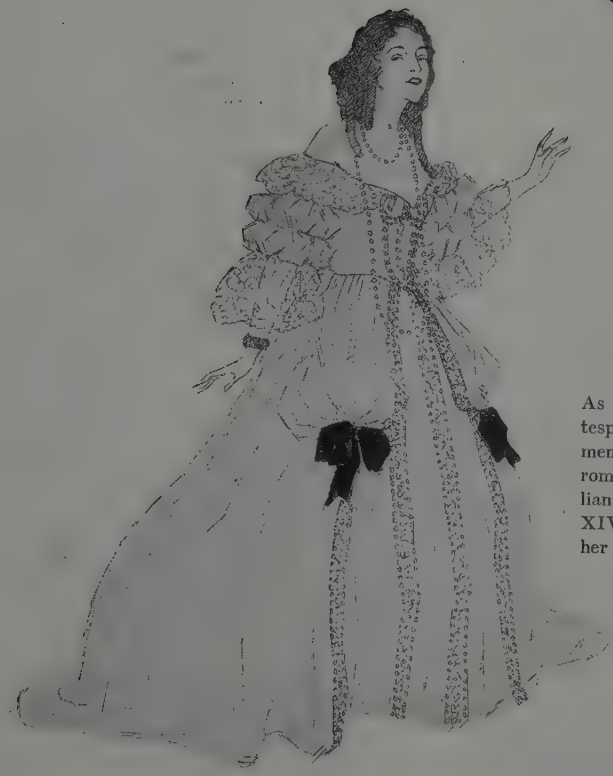


PEGGY HOPKINS

A graduate of the "Ziegfeld Follies" whose beauty has stood her in good stead as Rena, the unconventional ward, in the bedroom farce "A Sleepless Night"

HELEN HAYES

As the might-have-been daughter in "Dear Brutus," this future Broadway star acts like a real girl, bubbling over with enthusiasm and full of the joy of life



BLANCHE BATES

As the Marquise de Montespan in "Molière" evokes memories of the best in romantic drama by her brilliant impersonation of Louis XIV's favorite, who places her affections where she shouldn't

ALICE BRADY

Whose skill and sincerity as Jenny, the country girl who becomes united with her fiancé in a hospital "over there," in "Forever After" has carried that piece to substantial success

Gordon Conway

A SKETCHY REVIEW OF THE SEASON

THE PLAYERS OF THE MIKADO

Astonishing development of the Japanese stage under the energetic direction of the Shochiku organization

THE remarkable growth of the theatre in America has often been pointed to as one of the most surprising features of this country's artistic and commercial progress. A fact less well known is that the Japanese drama—no longer a confused medley of mediæval sword fighting and Samurai romance, but presenting the best of the world's plays—and organized as a business on American lines, has during the last three decades grown to astonishing proportions.

In Tokyo, the metropolis of Japan, there are no fewer than twenty-two theatres and nine are of the first class. Of these nine the Shochiku Dramatic Company controls six. The Kabukiza is the largest theatre in Japan and occupies the best location. The construction of the building is in purely Japanese style, classical and elegant. In regard to stage, scenery, costumes, and also the class of actors, the Kabukiza is the foremost playhouse in all Japan. Next in size comes the Shintomiza, which has the oldest history in Japan, the architecture retaining the style of the original Japanese theatre.

The Adzumaza, another leading house, is located in the heart of the popular amusement section of the city. In point of splendor of structure and large seating capacity, it is one of the favorite theatres in Japan, and at the same time one of the largest in the world, its seating capacity being five thousand.

In Osaka, the next largest city, there are five important theatres. The Shochiku Dramatic Company owns all five. In a smaller house, also owned by the Shochiku Company, the oldest Japanese musical recitation—the *Gidayu*—is given, together with marionette plays. The third city, Kyoto, has five large theatres, all of which are owned by the Shochiku Dramatic Company.

Of these five, the Minamiza Theatre, which is the largest and most beautiful, has a seating capacity for two thousand, five hundred. It is located on the bank of the Kamo River, fraught with historical memories and renowned for the beauty of its scenery. It occupies the spot upon which three hundred years ago the first theatre in Japan was established. In Yokohoma, the fourth city in Japan, and the entrance for Western civilization, in Kobe in Nagoya, which is known as the central capital being situated midway between Tokyo and Kyoto, in Okayama, and in Hiroshima, the theatres occupy the best locations, are of artistic appearance, and have a large seating capacity.

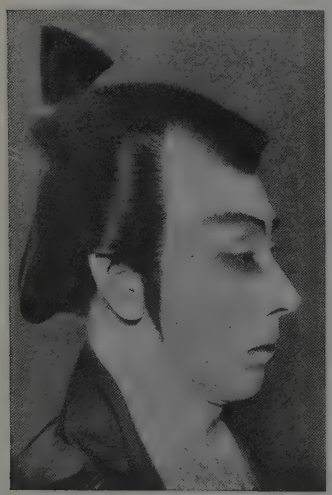
The Kabuki Theatre, Tokyo, the foremost theatre in all Japan

The Shochiku Company is today monarch of the Japanese theatrical world. Nearly all the largest and best theatres are under its control, and it employs the best actors in the country. The Shochiku is the leading firm of theatrical managers in Japan, not only because it owns many theatres in the principal cities, but because it embraces all classes of drama. It controls the Kabuki school, which inherits the original and oldest dramatic art of Japan, preserved unaltered; the Shimpa or new school, which produces modern dramas; the Shinko Cekidan, or newly risen dramatic society, which has felt the influence of the latest Western dramas; the society which gives comedies only; a school which cultivates the oldest Japanese dramatic dances, a combination of marionettes and vocal music; Western vaudeville, comic opera and the combination of moving pictures and living actors, etc.—in all, twenty or more companies.

Practically all the leading actors of Japan belong to the Shochiku Company. Of these actors, those of the Kabuki or orthodox school, whom all admit to be the greatest actors in the country, are: Utayemon Nakamura V and his son Fukusuke, Ganjiro Nakamura and his son Senjaku, Uzayemon Ichikawa XV, Nizayemon

(*Concluded on page 384*)

ENNOSUKE ICHIKAWA
Descendant of a famous family of Japanese players, and today one of the most popular among the younger actors in Japan



UZALMON
Favorite Japanese leading man

GANJIRO
Celebrated in heavy rôles

SADANJI
Well-known exponent of the modern school

FOUR MEMBERS OF THE SHOCHIKU DRAMATIC COMPANY

White

Doris Mitchell, Robert Strange, John Westley, Gypsy O'Brien and Diantha Pattison in, "I Love You," William Le Baron's new farce at the Booth Theatre

Benjamin Grey

Helen Westley, Rollo Peters and Dudley Diggs in the Theatre Guild's production of "John Ferguson," at the Garrick Theatre. This drama of the North of Ireland, full of realism and great passions, gives theatre-goers an opportunity to see what is best on our stage today

White

Amy Leah Dennis and Lynne Overman in George V. Hobart's play, "Come-on Charley," at the 48th Street Theatre

ON THE STAGES ALONG BROADWAY

PUTTING NEW LIFE INTO THE TIRED ACTOR

By FRANCESCO SAUCHELLI, D.C., Ph.C.

Are you familiar with the virtues of chiropractic? Perhaps you are not, since it is a comparatively new science —the science of physical rejuvenation through releasing of nerve stimulus. Actors and singers—a class especially susceptible to nerve exhaustion—testify to its value. To the overworked player it is credited with giving renewed energy and vitality, it is reputed to give back the pristine power to the singer's tired voice. Many prominent opera stars, including Caruso, Scotti, de Segurola, Stracciari, and an ever-increasing number of leading members of the dramatic profession, Florence Reed, Estelle Winwood, Marjorie Rambeau, are loud in their praise of this new science. The following article, one of a series written by Dr. Sauchelli, a well-known practitioner of New York City, will be read with great interest by professionals and laymen alike. Dr. Sauchelli will be glad to answer readers' questions in regard to chiropractic and its rela tion to health.

THERE is probably no profession on earth which exacts a heavier toll in vital energy than does that of acting. The actor works under high pressure continually. His work burns up his vital energy prodigally. He needs to be in top-notch shape physically all the time. All too often he isn't up to par physically, with the result that he throws too heavy a tax upon his body. Thus it is that he "burns out" and is retired years sooner than would have been the case had he kept himself "up to scratch" physically.

The actor has his innate art, his training, and his experience. All this he gives freely and sincerely. That is, he gives as much of it as his bodily health permits. No actor or actress who ever trod the boards ever failed to give the public all he or she had. Sometimes he or she didn't have much, but such as it was, it was presented to the public in finest sincerity. And right here is the crux of the whole matter: No matter how great your art, no matter how extensive your training and experience, you cannot give these things successfully to your audience without the co-operation of your bodily, vital forces. There must be perfect co-ordination between mind and body if you are to give your audience all you really possess.

GRANTED, then, that physical health is of paramount importance to the actor (and it is not possible for an actor to really give of his best unless he is in perfect health), what is he going to do about it? Chiropractic is the logical solution. It offers the easiest, most direct and natural means of keeping physically fit.

The casual reader might infer that the present writer is prejudiced in favor of his profession. Such is not the case. Chiropractic does not stand upon prejudice, but upon the simplest of common sense, and a record of results achieved.

Chiropractic may be briefly defined as that science which has for its object the releasing of nerve force or stimulus wherever it is found to be impeded in the human body. The idea is this: The human body is a wonderful machine, sufficient unto itself. It has within itself all the elements needed to repair it and keep it in proper shape. If the bodily machine is properly adjusted, it will run smoothly and perfect health result. Disease is the result of some part of the body's machinery getting out of place, thus interfering with natural functioning.

All our body processes are controlled through the nervous system. The great artery of the nervous system is the spinal cord. The spinal cord is a closely-bound bundle of nerves beginning at the base of the brain, branching off at various points and carrying vital energy to all parts of the body. The spinal cord is encased within the spinal column—a succession of twenty-four little bones with a layer of cartilage between each pair. The nerves comprising the spinal cord, branching off at various points, must pass between these bones. When these little bones, or vertebrae, become slightly displaced, they press upon and pinch the nerves, interfering with the proper flow of nerve stimulus.

The whole body is supplied with vital energy

Lumiere

DR. FRANCESCO SAUCHELLI

through the nerves. If vital, or nerve, energy flows freely through the nerves, every part of the bodily organism functions properly and we are well. Interfere with the supply of nerve force, and disease results.

It has been scientifically demonstrated that it is easy for the little bones comprising the spinal column to get slightly out of place. This comes chiefly through our unnatural habit of present day living and as a result of the rushing age in which we live. The spinal bones becoming slightly displaced, the nerves, as they emerge from the spinal cord, are pinched, thus shutting off the supply of vital, or nerve, energy. Anatomical study further shows that the nerves which supply energy to specific parts of the body emerge from the spinal cord at certain definite points. These nerves control the function of these specific parts. Thus it will be seen that the chiropractor—since he is thoroughly trained in anatomy—can locate definitely and accurately the cause of any bodily disturbance without guess work, and without the need of asking the patient a single question.

The chiropractor makes a careful examination, finds which of the little spinal bones are out of place and, by a system of skilled hand-thrusts, puts the offending bones back in place again. Then nerve energy flows freely and the patient gets well. Nature does the real work of healing. The chiropractor is only Nature's side-partner.

And here is the best part of the whole matter: After a person has returned to normal, through a series of chiropractic adjustings, an occasional adjusting after that keeps his body normal. In other words, chiropractic is not alone concerned with getting you well, but also with keeping you well. It is, primarily, a preventive science. It can detect and prevent oncoming disease. So that it is health insurance as well as being a corrective and hygienic agent.

IN order for a person to do an extraordinary amount of work, the whole body must be en rapport, every organ, tissue, and cell working in complete harmony with every other organ, tissue and cell. Chiropractic makes this possible.

This was rather strikingly demonstrated recently in the case of Florence Reed. She was playing in "Roads of Destiny" every evening at the Republic Theatre in New York and, at the same time, was working almost every day from nine to five in moving pictures. In "Roads of Destiny" she took three distinct emotional rôles—each one requiring a vast amount of vital energy.

Miss Reed is a firm believer in the curative powers of chiropractic. The actress has repeatedly said that if it had not been for its rejuvenating power she would never have been able to do such an extraordinary amount of work. This is only one case, but there are many other bright lights of the dramatic world who can testify to the value of chiropractic. Of the opera stars, there is a brilliant galaxy of chiropractic enthusiasts, embracing almost every well-known name of the operatic stage.

In fact, from every field of artistic endeavor the author could cull names which in their special sphere are names to conjure with and show that they adorn the ever-lengthening list of beneficiaries of chiropractic.

Nervous, hard worked theatrical folk will find it well worth their while to investigate what their brother artists are doing to overcome fatigue and to toughen powers of resistance. They can prove to their satisfaction that quantity and quality of work can be enhanced, appreciation of audiences increased, the joy of living doubled; old age fended off and length and brilliance of career immeasurably augmented.

(The next article of this series will take up the vitally important subject of "Postponing Old Age.")

Brook Ballard's clever portrayal of the rôle of "Elaine Lane", the college widow who disguised herself as a fortune teller in the comic opera, "The Naughty Nineties" recently presented by the Blackfriars, an organization of Chicago University men

The full cast of "Crowns and Clowns", the seventy-third Spring show of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard, in which they poke fun at Bolshevism. Including the "ladies" the cast reads: TOP ROW—*F. Riske, G. A. Brownell, manager; J. L. Rochester, P. C. Washburn, W. J. Cauer, H. W. Harris, Jr., H. B. Coxe, E. A. McCouch, W. Dexter, J. S. Higgins, E. E. Lucas, C. E. Hodges, Jr., H. C. Ward, F. C. Lawrence, M. A. Taylor, Jr., R. McA. Lloyd, Jr., stage manager; D. C. Hawkins and G. P. Reynolds.* SECOND FROM TOP—*R. C. Clement, R. W. Emmons, 3d, G. B. Woods, C. de Rham, C. La Farge, W. P. Belknap, Jr., R. P. Hallowell, W. H. Potter, Jr., M. Phinney, C. D. Murray, G. L. Wrenn, 2d.* SEATED—*F. W. Hatch, W. A. Gaston, Jr., D. H. Read, C. A. Clark, Jr., C. Canfield, H. C. Flower, Jr., H. K. White, Jr., J. Lavalle, G. C. Barclay.* BOTTOM ROW—*S. H. Stevens, S. Frothingham, F. Workum, R. H. Ware, G. S. Weld, J. J. Albright and J. B. Mabon, Jr.*

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

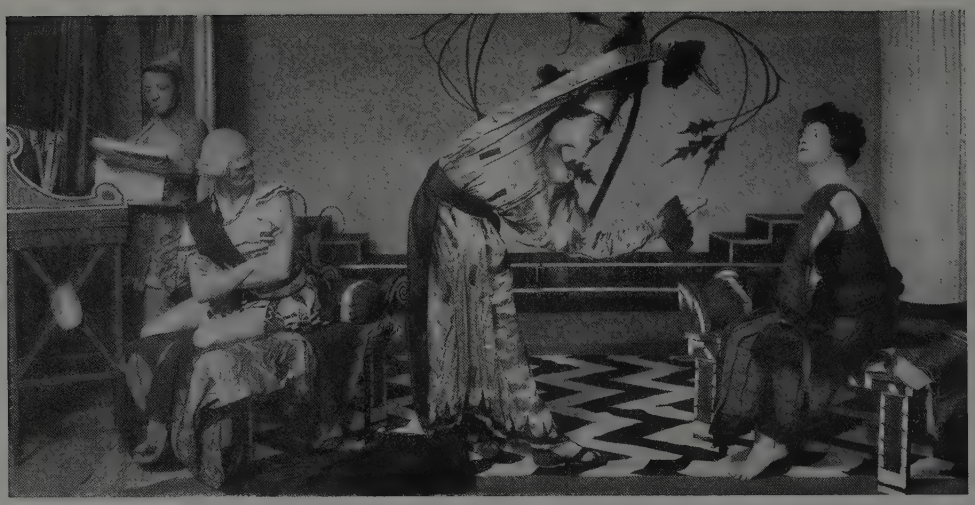
A SPRING CROP OF COLLEGE PLAYS

(REVIEWED ON PAGES 378 AND 380)

An interesting revival of "Fashion", an early American play, at the University of Chicago, by the Dramatic Club. The players from left to right are: Emily Taft, Irving Wills, Frederick Knepper, Dorothy Scholle, Lee Ettleson, Ruth Mallory, Marion Palmer, and Carl Piper. The play which was staged by Mr. Glenn Millard, is a satire on American society of the early nineteenth century. It was first presented at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1845

Reversing the old saying: "Boys will be—girls," on occasion! The boys of the Riverdale Country School, New York, gave a delightful performance of "The Mikado." The scenery was by no less an authority than Joseph Urban, the costumes by Carl Sohmes, and the entire production was staged by Frank Lea Short, who was responsible for that rollicking soldier play, "Good Luck Sam"

The tantalizing "little sister," in the person of Percy E. Cowan, in the Columbia Varsity Show, "Take a Chance", recently given at the Plaza Hotel, New York. The waiter in the picture is John S. Tedford



A scene from "The Aulis Difficulty," a burlesque by Maurice Baring, one of the four plays recently given during a run of nine performances, by the University Dramatic Association of Yale, under the direction of Stuart Walker, at the Punch & Judy Theatre, New York, the scenery and costumes being all made by the undergraduates. Clytaemnestra (Donald M. Campbell, Jr.) is addressing his "dear Iphigenia" (Andrew J. Fox, Jr.), while Agamemnon (William Harris, Jr.) looks on frowningly, and the pessimistic attendant (John Andrews) manipulates the Greek typewriter in the left background.

YALE DRAMATICS AND OTHER COLLEGE PLAYS

DURING the week of March 24-29, the Yale University Dramatic Association made its first prolonged bow to the New York public. In the past—and the "Dramat" is in its twentieth year—trips of a week or more during Christmas vacation, playing one night in each city visited, had been tried with great success. The recent run of nine performances at the Punch and Judy Theatre marked a new and untried epoch in the curriculum of the Association.

As a rule, the "Dramat" gives two or three productions a year—the "Prom play" given in several large cities during the Christmas holidays and in New Haven in February at the time of the Junior Promenade, and another play at Commencement time in June. Some of the plays produced in the past include, "The Critic," by Sheridan; Tolstoi's "Fruits of Culture;" "The Devil's Disciple," by Shaw; "The Pretenders," by Ibsen; "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. In 1915 Tennyson's "Harold" was acted for the first time on any stage, and a year later Shakespeare's little-known comedy of "Troilus and Cressida," was given its first presentation in America and was played for the first time on any stage during the last two hundred years.

THE success of the program this year owes much to Mr. Stuart Walker, director of the Portmanteau Theatre and producer of so many of Lord Dunsany's plays. Mr. Walker's splendid coaching and interested criticism made it possible for the Association to attempt the NewYork run. Four well-contrasted and distinct one-act plays were given. "The Murderers," a new tragedy by Lord Dunsany; "Nettie," a satirical farce by George Ade; "The Aulis Difficulty," a burlesque by Maurice Baring, and a "mellowdramatic" farce by Henry Clapp Smith-Bunk. The unusual success of the plays, the versatility thereby demonstrated, the calibre of the acting, and especially the most creditable initial acting of Dunsany's "Murderers," were sufficient justification for the nine vacation performances in New York.

IT has been something of a practice in the "Dramat" to present new or little-known, but worthy plays by eminent authors. Now it is hoped to interest the undergraduate not only in acting but also in dramatic writing and to be able to produce any plays of merit which may be the outcome of this interest.

Already more interest is being taken in the actual producing of the plays than in former years. The ideas for the scenery and costumes in "Troilus and Cressida," in 1916, were furnished almost entirely by the actors, and this year all the scenes and costumes were designed by the manager of the association and executed by the members. The frames for the scenery were all made by the "Dramat's" stage carpenter, but all the painting was done by the undergraduates and under very poor circumstances, their only workroom being the basement of a recitation building. The work had to be done with great rapidity as there was very little time between the opening of college and the first performance, and the staff of volunteers deserves credit for its work. (*Concluded on page* 382.)

At a recent ambitious production of Hamlet, at the Regis High School, New York, John Taylor Breen, a youthful aspirant to dramatic laurels, played the part of the melancholy Dane, with marked success

Costumes by Tam

A jollier pair of grave diggers never trod the boards, than Patrick V. Clark and Francis X. Cassidy, in the Regis High School's presentation of "Hamlet." Their make-up is especially convincing

"Design Group" symbolical of the twelve geometrical figures, with "Nature" and "Frivolity'—in Blackstone Hall, the Art Institute of Chicago, at their splendid Festival of the Arts

A FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

IN HONOR OF

VICTORY AND PEACE

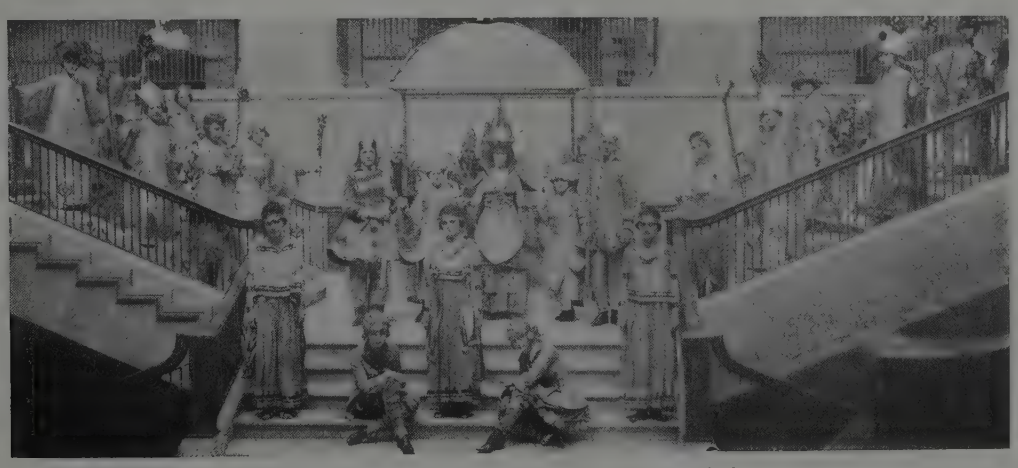
PRESENTED AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO BY STUDENTS OF THE ART SCHOOL, THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THE ALUMNI. SCENARIO BY EARLE H. REED, JR. STAGED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF GRACE HICKOX

IT has been an annual custom of the students of the Art Institute of Chicago to stage a spectacle. This year it took the impressive form of an acclaim to Victory and a welcome to Peace. The Pageant was presented on the evening of March 4, when despite a lusty blizzard, a large audience filled the halls and corridors of the Institute. A tribute doubtless to the fact that the proceeds of the evening were for the assistance of the soldiers and sailors of the Art School returned from the war.

The Pageant opened with a processional of groups beautifully and simply costumed presenting sculpture, painting, design, drama, and music, poetry, dance, song and architecture. The stately arrayed groups one by one ascended the Grand Staircase, paused before the Winged Victory of Samothrace, crowned and bedecked by the arts, and took up positions on either side. A figure symbolizing the arts in arms escorted by a contingent of returned soldiers in uniform led the acclaim to Victory.

THEN Peace and her attributes were seen advancing to the singing of the Paulist Choristers. She was welcomed by a Voice which chanted an ODE TO PEACE especially written for the Pageant by Julia Cooley.

Led by Peace the procession moved to the floor of the great hall below and did homage before the shrines of the Allied Nations which had been erected among the sculptural and architectural treasures with which Blackstone Hall is filled. Very impressive were these ceremonies but enlivened by incidental dances. The elaborate costumes were designed and made by the students in each group with the help of the costumers and wig makers. In looking at the Pageant one was not surprised to know that Chicago is noted for its beautiful and charming young girls.



Another interesting group from the Festival of the Arts, in honor of Peace and Victory, on the grand staircase of the Art Institute of Chicago

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

By

ANNE ARCHBALD

Miss Margaret Illington, in the recent production of, "A Good, Bad Woman," now on tour, wore one of those delightful robes d'intérieur that can do duty either for afternoon tea or as informal dinner gowns. Pale pink silk charmeuse formed part of its loveliness and a pair of marvellous flowing lace sleeves did the rest

Even if you had not the tapestried background to help "register" this personal frock of Miss Illington's, you would at once be aware of its mediæval flavor on seeing it. Fabric in harmony with line, the frock is made of a wonderful cloth of silver and hyacinth blue brocade, so supple and light that the material can be gathered at the belt and fashioned into flower rosettes for the hem. The flowing sleeves are of hyacinth blue chiffon

Photos Francis Bruguière

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

MISS KAY LAURELL

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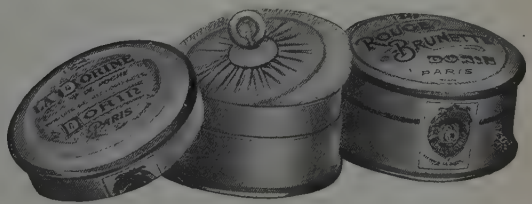

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A CONTRAST IN HATS—SHOWING HOW THE ACTRESS SELECTS FOR COMBINED SMARTNESS AND INDIVIDUALITY

Photo Moffett

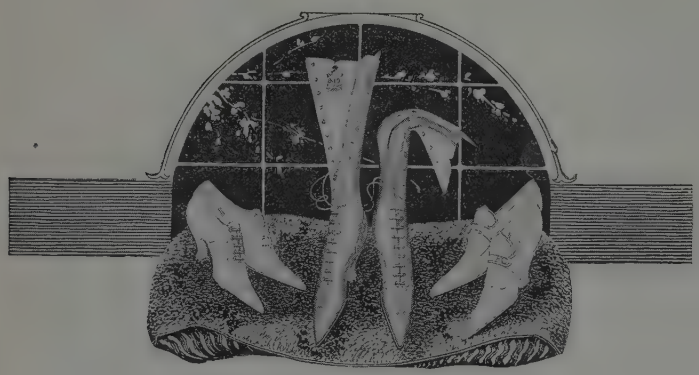
If you are the blonde English type of beauty, like Leonora Hughes, playing on tour in "See You Later", you can afford to wear this large picture hat of rose chip, with a deeper rose border, a velvet ribbon, and a shading cream lace frill

Photo Moffett

And if dash and chic are added assets of your youth and beauty, a hat of black gauze, wired satin trimming, and a paradise plume, such as Miss Helen Bolton's—leading woman in the Chicago run of "Oh, Lady, Lady"—should be yours

While if you are a jeune-fille-Marillyn-Miller sort of personality, the piquancy of a dark blue satin sailor, with a blue ribbon going round the crown, fastening in a loop at back and having an end threaded through the brim, is the one for you to choose

© Hixon-Connelly



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Chic neck pieces in Fisher, Sable and Stone-Marten of one, two and three skins. Light fabrics trimmed with Fur to match; or cape, or scarf, or coatee, or individual design of special appeal.

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FADS AND FASHIONS

By

THE FASHION CENSOR

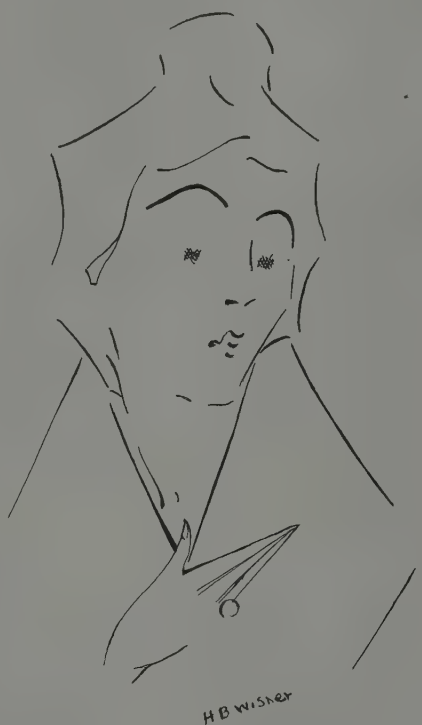
KEEPING up with modern clothes becomes a more strenuous proposition every minute. You can't help thinking of the dear old Red Queen's well-known remark to Alice about its taking all the running you can do "just to stay in one place. If you want to get somewhere else," you remember she adds, "you must run at least twice as fast. . ."

Our costume nuances grow subtler and subtler. Do you know one of the latest? That of wearing, with a white frock, the palest of pale grey slippers, instead of white? The reason, I suppose, is because just that slight darkening of the tone from white to grey makes the foot look smaller. The slippers must be of satin, and the accompanying stockings not grey, but white,—for piquancy. The idea has originated on the stage,— as does almost every happy fashion idea. Who was its originator or sponsor, I don't happen to have heard, but personally I noticed the combination first on Miss Juliette Day, engaging soubrette of "Oh, My Dear," and I have seen it elsewhere several times since. It really is rather a nice suggestion, isn't it? Is it just my own fancy, or does there always seem something a bit dull and stodgy about a white slipper? The kind of thing, like plain black silk stockings or white kid gloves, that one buys mechanically, because one needs must have them for certain frocks and occasions, but around the buying of which there is little glamour, or enthusiasm.

* * * *

ABOVE I remarked that almost every happy fashion idea originated on the stage. I might have added—and now and then some *unhappy* ones. A very unhappy one started out several months ago in "Good Morning, Judge," and has continued to break out in spots as the new productions appear, the last example being in "The Good, Bad Woman." That unhappy idea is the tight skirt, slit straight up, and far up, the back. No petticoat or "frillies," or relieving colorful lining is added, and the leg is glimpsed only at unbecoming and ungainly angles. I don't believe the most beautiful legs in the world—say a pair of Frankie Bailey legs, which are supposed to be the standard criterion for perfection of structure in legs—could get away with it, and make the line attractive. We mention no names, but the very charming actress in "Good Morning, Judge," whom we much admire, and who has small, well-shod feet and delightful ankles, couldn't. Neither could the "vamp" in "The Good, Bad Woman." If she only knew, it detracted rather than added to her vampish qualities.

A business man, an editor, a designer, and an artist-photographer, respectively, have turned thumbs down on the skirt slit far up the back, as being awkward and unalluring



Passed by the Censor is the present fashion of shaping one's eyebrows, which Captain Lillian Spencer and her squad in "The Better 'Ole" have recently sponsored, and which they assert, gives a much more alert and fresher look to the face

I am not unsupported in my opinion that there is no reasonable grace or lure in this particular kind of skirt. For on the four different occasions, when I saw it, I had with me respectively as escort, a youth studying designing, a business man, an editor, and an artist-photographer—surely a sufficiently eclectic jury—and to none of them did the idea appeal in the least. Not, of course, that we dress to please men. Oh, dear No! Simply to satisfy our own æsthetic sense.

* * * *

ANOTHER "unhappy" and freakish idea that I have seen on Broadway recently but for which the actress is not responsible, this time, is the tying of oneself up into veils in the evening. One example: an adorable little thing sitting near me at the theatre, with an English officer, in an enchanting get-up that included a small bonnet, of which the feature was an attached veil of old blue chiffon, lace-bordered. She was ostensibly young and more than pretty, and yet there she sat during the entire performance, a warm night, fifteen rows back, and never once lifted the veil. The object? To display the *ensemble* of the hat? To pique the curiosity? I know not. *C'est plus fort que moi!*

Another example: two young women during an after-the-theatre hour in the Moulin Rouge. They were of the chicest and latest in clothes, rather more than ordinarily well turned out, but . . . their heads were all tied up tightly in mesh veils. They got up and danced in the mesh veils. They sat down and sipped their Clover Club cocktails through the mesh veils. In mesh veils they came, and in mesh veils they went. Nothing short of an explosion could have separated them from their darling mesh veils. Somebody suggested that they might be Russian women; Russian women were supposed to be given to that sort of thing. And the rest of us agreed that whatever it was, it was certainly very Bolshevik.

* * * *

ARE you following the fad of the moment and "shaping" your eyebrows? I heard an amusing tale of the chorus in "The Better 'Ole," the other day. During a certain recent matinée a mad eyebrow fever unanimously seized the whole nine, including its Captain, Lillian Spencer. They decided they couldn't live another hour with their own original eyebrows. They couldn't even wait to go to a beauty shop. They must have slender, up-to-date brows on the spot. So all hands fell to on one another, and though they were without the proper implements and utilities, they managed a most creditable effect with cuticle scissors. Each member went off to her dinner hour tremendously pleased with her changed appearance. "A slender, arched eyebrow given to that sort of thing. And the rest of us the face," said Miss Spencer, who happened to be the one to tell me about the incident.

We censor on the grounds of its being "incompetent and irrelevant" the wearing of mesh veils for evening in cabarets and restaurants, as was done recently by two young persons seen at the midnight hour in the Moulin Rouge

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Millinery for Mermaids

WHAT captivating bits of mermaid millinery are these gaily-bobbing caps and bonnets that enchant feminine hearts with their becomingness.

Fashion's most exclusive bathing beaches are colorful with Kleinert caps, hats and bonnets, in styles to suit every bathing costume.

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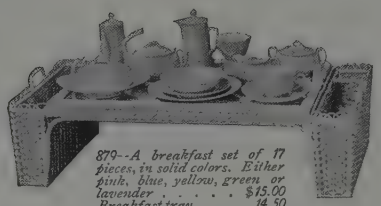
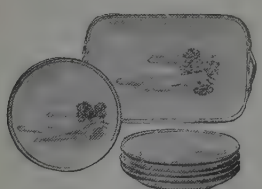
Gifts Good for Brides



879—A breakfast set of 17 pieces, in solid colors. Either pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender $15.00
Breakfast tray . . . 14.50

TODAY is somebody's wedding day, somebody's birthday—somebody's anniversary. From Ovington's you can always get an unusual and distinctive remembrance at prices unusually moderate—beginning at $2.50.



952—An asparagus and salad set that is as attractive as the asparagus is good to eat. Of white china decorated with stalks of asparagus in colors. The platter is in well-and-tree design. The set consists of six asparagus plates and one platter. $10.00

819—"A frame for the fairest smile"—a Louis XVI oval mirror richly carved and finished in antique gold. It measures 12 x 17 in. long, a size adaptable to small areas. Plain mirror. . $5.00

941—A complete refreshment service of engraved crystal. The service consists of a refreshment jug, six sherbet glasses and plates, six goblets, six glass plates, and one cake server. The price, complete, is $35.00 Pieces obtainable separately.

893—Chair lamp, 58 in. high, finished in crackled antique gold and polychrome. The shade, 24 in. in dia., is made of putty colored silk with old blue striping, handsomely pleated on the top, with old blue moss trimmings. There are three silk tassels for pulling on the lights. A charming combination that can be used effectively in any scheme of decoration.
Shade $43.00 plus tax $2.00, $47.00
Standard, 40.00 plus tax 1.50, 41.50

946—A clever combination of tea wagon and tea table, made of solid mahogany in an attractive design. When used as a wagon, the leaves are down and the handle in position. By raising the leaves and lowering the handle, the wagon becomes a good-sized table. As a wagon, the top measures 17 in. wide x 27 in. long. As a table, the top measures 27 in. wide x 38 in. long. The price is . . $35.00

Catalog on request

OVINGTON'S

"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"

312-314 Fifth Avenue, near 32nd St. New York

FOR A FASTIDIOUS BRIDE

By

ANGELINA

The bedroom that The Hampton Shops did for the beautiful Dolores, of Ziegfeld Follies fame, showing one of the very new and popular beds, rose taffeta canopied, quilted and valenced, and without a footboard. Theodosia chose to have the latter copied for her apartment

SO exciting! Theodosia is to be married next week. Our set is quite by the ears over it. Not that Theodosia isn't attractive. I don't mean that. She's almost *too* attractive, if anything. "Not pretty," as some man once said of her, "but worse." But, though much admired, she's always been frightfully haughty and up-stage about men, and down on matrimony, and the sudden announcement of her wedding in June came as a great surprise to our crowd. Though it shouldn't have, really. Those people are always the kind that go off with a bang.

The fiancé is a young Dane. A case of London, and war work. "You've never been loved, till you've been loved by a Dane," Theodosia offers proudly as her excuse, which lets all the rest of us out.

* * * *

Everyone has been coming to me for consultation about the wedding presents. The telephone rings all day long with somebody asking: "Do tell me what to give Theodosia. You're the only one sufficiently in her confidence to know. She has such distinct preferences and antipathies, I'm afraid I'll give her something she won't care for...."

So I started keeping a list and checking off each person, and when anybody asked, I said: "So-and-so is giving such-and-such, how would you like to give....?" It's worked out beautifully, and Theodosia is going to have the most delightful wedding presents in town, ones she really wants, and no duplicates. Isn't it a splendid idea, really, having a kind of majordomo to oversee and regulate the selection of wedding presents? I wonder a regular practise isn't made of it.

As most of you have a fastidious Theodosia among your acquaintance, perhaps you'd like to profit by hearing about a few of the presents that were given.

* * * *

First and foremost there was Tubby's gift,—a Steinway Baby Grand, than which nothing could be more thrilling and distinguished for a wedding present to my mind. Rather a large order for Tubby, but, poor old dear, he wanted to marry Theodosia himself. I suppose his present was in the nature of a swan song. Since his own Steinway in his studio is one of his dearest possessions—he is never tired of demonstrating its perfections to us, its ease of action combined with its brilliant resonance of tone—and since he knew that Theodosia demanded the very best in music as in everything else, a Steinway Baby Grand it had to be. "As the Steinway is the standard of excellence in pianos, the superlative beyond which you cannot go," says Tubby justly, "what more fitting wedding gift for an incomparable Theodosia?"

Gidding

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Early Summer

especially featuring

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and

Summer Furs

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VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION: For use in conjunction with Valaze Beautifying Emollient. Prevents the spread of wrinkles and should be used whenever cream is removed from the face so as to stimulate the pores and tighten up the skin, thereby preventing large pores. Price, $1.25, $2.50, $5.50. Ask for special skin-toning lotion for dry skins. Price, $2.20, $4.40.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE: Overcomes enlarged pores, undue flushing of the nose and face, oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and blackheads. Also used for cleansing the face of dirt, grease and travel stains. Price, $1.75, $3.00, $6.00.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY: Wrinkles under the eyes and flabbiness in the neck vanish under the application of Valaze Roman Jelly. It contracts the skin and removes ungainly hollows and puffy places. Price, $1.50, $3.00.

VALAZE SUN AND WIND PROOF CREAM: For golfers and motorists—protects against the chemical action of the sun's rays and the ravages of wind. Price, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

A complete list of Mme. Rubinstein's preparations is catalogued in "Beauty in the Making," which will be sent you with Mme. Rubinstein's compliments. Please address Dept. B.

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are built in accordance with the high ideals of Rome quality. Virtually every feature of their construction is exclusive – their new Cravenette Finish, for instance, their large dimensions (72 x 28 inches), their patented Romelink arm rest. They are colorful and charming.

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It is a standardized excellence—trademarked and labelled for your protection and ours.

MANHATTAN ROME COMPANY
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

FOR A FASTIDIOUS BRIDE

(Continued from page 374)

Theodosia's small silver is particularly charming, even though her Aunt Jane gave it. I wasn't consulted about that, and hardly Theodosia either. It was an ultimatum. But we were permitted to go with Aunt Jane to Gorham's—Gorham's was the only place to get "proper" small silver, declared Aunt Jane, and that settled it—and help decide whether it should be the "Old French" or the "Old English" pattern. At least Aunt Jane said we might, but in the end even that small preference was denied us. For Aunt Jane wrested the victory away from French to English, because she insisted the spoons were better balanced. "You'll thank me for it, Theodosia, when you come to use them," said Aunt Jane, and I am sure she's right. She's really a nice, old thing....

When the young Browns appealed to me with their query, I directed them post haste to the leather department counter at Altman's. "Go right down and pick out one of those new, smart, traveling cases in black enameled leather. Theodosia and I were burbling over them this morning. They're square in shape, and though they have the most complete and ducky outfit of toilet articles, they're very light. Get either one of the ten-inch or the twelve-inch sizes, with the mirror fitted into the whole back of the case. And, please, Theodosia likes the combination of an old gold lining with amber toilet articles for first choice, and for second, bright rose and white celluloid."

* * * *

Theodosia's Mother and Father are giving her for their present the complete furnishing of her apartment, for she is to start her married existence in New York. A nice present, isn't it? And I firmly directed their wavering steps toward The Hampton Shops for the purpose. I'd just happened to see Mrs. Geraldine Farrar Tellegen's apartment, which they had done, and it was exquisite. "The Hampton Shops for yours, Theodosia," I commanded. So we've been going there every day the past week, debating and choosing color schemes and hangings and furniture, and having a beautiful time. You have as models to cull from room after room on floor after floor, all completely furnished even down to the lighting arrangements. The Hampton Shops are one of the most fascinating places in New York.

* * * *

You'll find at the head of this column a photograph of a bedroom like the one Theodosia is to have. The original was done for the lovely Dolores of the Ziegfeld Follies, and Theodosia liked it so much she decided to have it copied for herself. The bed, please notice, though canopied, has no footboard, a very popular idea in beds at present, as is the satin-striped rose taffeta coverlet with its full valence.

Almost everyone on the list had been checked off before Theodosia and I, on consulting, found that we'd omitted putting down that most essential thing, a tea-wagon. That would never do. Theodosia and her Erik both have the tea habit badly. Besides which, July the first is almost here, when no home can hope to offer hospitality without a tea-wagon. We wished that present on to Dad, and I myself went personally to Ovington's to select it for him. Why Ovington's? Because I knew it to be the best place in town for things of that sort, a place where one finds the latest in its line..... and for such a reasonable price. I really don't know how they manage to do it. Looking to left and right behold its photographic presentment!

After July the first, any home wishing to dispense hospitality must replace the cocktail shaker with the tea-wagon, so it is a particularly apropos present for a June bride. Here are two views of a novel tea-wagon from Ovington's, "The Gift Shop," showing it with the leaves open, or with its glass tray

Remove hair from arms or under arms

in the simplest and easiest way by using

Evans's Depilatory

The outfit is complete for use at your dressing-table. You just mix a little, put it on; then wash it off—hair and all.

Doesn't injure the skin.

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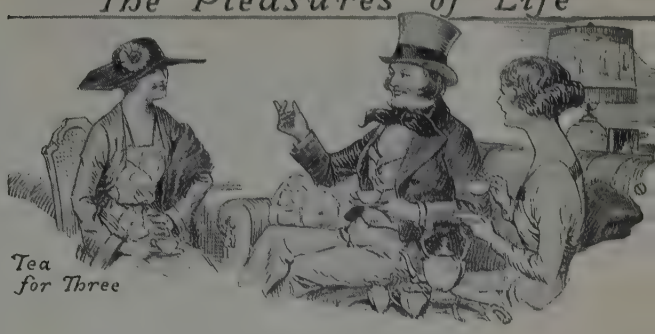
The Pleasures of Life



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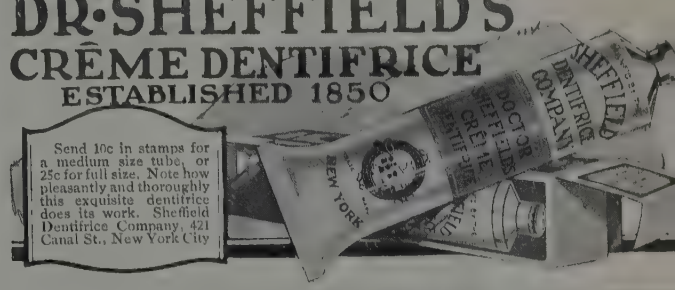

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SUMMERTIME MILLINERY
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Scene from an adaptation of Molière's, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," to which they gave the title, "The Would-Be Aristocrat."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

MOLIERE AT LAWRENCEVILLE

WHEN, an organization like the Periwig Club of Lawrenceville School reaches its 25th annual production, there is some difficulty in finding something different and something that will arouse interest. It was not impossible, however, and the two new Directors did wisely when they went back to the fountain-head of French comedy and picked Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Difficulties of translation appeared at once in the choice of the English title but all former translations like "The Tradesman Turned Gentleman," and "The Shopkeeper as Gentleman," were discarded and the colloquial "The Would-Be Aristocrat" adopted instead. This same idea of colloquial naturalness was followed in translating the play so that the dialogue was brought up to date and all French expressions eliminated. The characters were given English names and there was not one "Monsieur" uttered during the performance.

Early it was seen that it would be impossible to give the several ballets of the play with the resources at command in school and the length of time necessary to train them, so they were all eliminated with the exception of the Turkish Ceremony. This was carried out quite according to the elaborateness of the original directions with color effects undreamed of by Molière 250 years before the Ballet Russe. The original music composed for this by Lully was found to be too mild for this generation and so something modern and more spirited was substituted. This ceremony of making the Would-Be Aristocrat a "Mamamouchi" caused a sensation and was a most effective climax to the penultimate third act. The humor of the old play was still vital and such lines as: "Well, for forty years I have been speaking prose without being aware of it." made their full effect.

THE solution of obtaining a setting that would be rich in appearance and yet not be so costly as to use up all the receipts of the two performances was found in the use of a light blue sateen tacked on a box-set in folds so as to give the effect of walls covered with damask. Height was aided by the use of a tall clock and contrast in color was obtained by the use of yellow ceiling, yellow candles in sconces on the wall and flowers of the same yellow in stone boxes placed on the steps leading into this reception room from an interior room.

The method of selecting the cast this year was a new one and proved most satisfactory. The entire play was read to all the candidates, of

(*Concluded on page* 382)

It seems difficult to believe that the "lady" in the picture is really one of the boys of the Lawrenceville School, in their recent presentation of "The Would-Be Aristocrat"

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FOR the past 19 years the covers of Theatre Magazine have been a source of great delight to its many readers. Popular stars have been selected by our Art Department, and so far we have heard no adverse criticism of our choice.

Now we are inviting our readers to act as a committee and select their own stage favorites for cover designs. We print below a list of favorites in the theatrical, motion picture and dancing world and ask our readers to vote for their choice. Just fill in the name of your favorite on the coupon below and return to this office.

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Drinking Scene from "Twelfth Night," presented at Lincoln School, Providence, R. I. The cast from left to right: the Misses Elizabeth Coats, Ruth Harrington, Ethel Smith, Mary Morris, and Lucy Otterson

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

COLLEGE PLAYS REVIEWED

HASTY PUDDING CLUB

THE Hasty Pudding Club's seventy-third spring show, "Crowns and Clowns," achieved success at its two performances at the Hotel Astor, New York, on April 19, and later in Boston, provided an opportunity for the Harvard undergraduates to poke fun at Bolshevism while at the same time entertaining their audiences with the always delightful spectacle of young men taking female parts. The plot, such as there is of it, consists in describing the vagaries of the Kingdom of Czecho-Ptomania, where an "Old King Cole" variety of monarch sat on the throne, busying himself rather with flirting with his lady love and bemoaning the advent of the great thirst than paying particular attention to his governmental duties. Along comes a rabid-red Bolshevik, whose ambition is to overturn the existing government and set up one "of the people, for the people, and by himself." In this he presently succeeds, and, transferring his seat of rule to the royal stables, assigns each of his ministers a stall, and proceeds to misrule most effectively. Meanwhile the king is deserted by his sweetheart, who is the Bolshevik's sister and who seeks social prominence under the new regime now that the old has gone down. The king's sister is madly infatuated with the Bolshevik, but the latter spurns her. Eventually the red rule proves too extravagant even for its staunchest supporters, all of whom desert their chief. The King is restored and, of course, all the principals become happily married before the final curtain goes down.

C. A. Clark, Jr. '19, who plays the part of the amorous King Ivan, is an "H" man in both hockey and football. Opposite him played Duncan H. Read, '19, as Catherine. It was quite a jump for this young man from being a lieutenant junior grade in the naval aviation to being a vampire behind the footlights. Cass Canfield, '19, third marshal of the Senior class, was the Bolshevik, Borus, with red vest, white spats and torn black coat. The woman whose affections he scorned (Anna) was played by Henry C. Flower, Jr., '19, who, despite being a star football and track athlete and the first marshal of his class, appeared as a most statuesque princess.

The book was written between 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. one night in February by four juniors in Harvard who took the nom de plume of Jay LaBasco, which, when translated, means that the words were written by H. H. F. Jayne, Christopher LaFarge, E. A. Bacon, and Edgar Scott. The score was the work of Francis W. Hatch, '19, of Medford, Mass., and surpassed the high standard of Pudding scores during the past years.

THE BLACKFRIARS

IF the War had been fought by women, it would not have interfered with the Blackfriars' production. Neither the leading lady nor the most insignificant chorus girl would have been lost, not because the women that take part in the shows are unpatriotic, but because they are men!

The Blackfriars are an organization of Chicago University men, a permanent organization, but permanent like the United States Senate: forever changing in its active personnel. Each Spring, fresh aspirants to membership "go out" for the show, either as chorus girls or as principals. If they work faithfully, they are elected to membership in the Order after the last curtain has fallen for that year. At the head of the Order is the Abbot, a senior, and a staff of sophomores, chosen from men who were in the show during their freshman year, who have charge of costumes, properties, tickets, publicity, the music score, and the chorus.

The book, the lyrics, and the music were written by present or former members of the University. This year's book, "The Naughty Nine-

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

COLLEGE PLAYS REVIEWED

ties" was written by Samuel Kaplan, '14 and John Webster, '00.

The first Abbot of the Blackfriars, which was founded in 1904 by thirteen men, was Frank R. Adams, who later became a well-known writer of musical comedies and of popular fiction. Among the Blackfriars who continued in the theatrical business after leaving college are James Dyrenforth, who graduated from the Blackfriars' stage to Broadway; Frank Parker, who spent a season with Pavlowa, and Lewis Fuiks, who writes professional music.

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

SHAKESPEARE has been produced annually for seven years at the Lincoln School for Girls in Providence, R. I. "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "The Taming of the Shrew," have all been given and two of these have been repeated.

The stage settings have always been simple, but charming. The stage itself is attractively proportioned, and the curtain and background are of a beautiful shade of old blue. The street scenes are swiftly arranged by means of screens, while interiors vary in the color of hangings and the arrangement of a beautiful Jacobean chair and a settle which, at will, becomes a substantial table. For instance, in this year's production of "Twelfth Night," the Duke's palace was hung with deep rose tapestries, while a room in Olivia's house was very effective in blue and golden brocade. Miss Maude L. Fellows, of the faculty of the school, is responsible for these exceedingly satisfactory effects.

Drama at Lincoln School, however, neither ends nor begins with the Shakespeare Play. There is a course in the History of Drama open to seniors and graduates. Forty or fifty plays are read during the year by all students, while "extra" reading is done by many. Brander Matthews' book on the "Development of Drama" is supplemented by lectures. The spring term is given up to modern drama although many recent plays are also read in connection with the earlier work, for modern parallels are always noted. Modern movements in artistic setting, as exemplified in the work of Craig, Reinhardt, Livingston Platt, and Robert Edmond Jones, are not neglected. Dunsany, Maeterlinck, Stuart Walker, Barrie, Josephine Preston Peabody, Percy MacKaye, and many, many more are enjoyed and discussed.

LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL

(*Continued from page* 378)

whom there were over sixty, by one of the Directors and the boys were asked to give their preferences for certain rôles. And accordingly, in this way the selection of a first cast and an understudy cast was an easy matter and boys played rôles for which each had felt a sympathy or attraction. Much talent was discovered and the characterizations of the leading rôles were quite remarkable for boys of sixteen to nineteen years of age.

THE Periwig Club was organized in 1894. At first original burlesques were given: "As You Like It—Up To Date," and "The Second Mrs. Ivanhoe." Since those first two years, many others of varied appeal have been given.

One of the most successful productions was, "The Merchant of Venice," in 1906, and in this Shylock was acted by George Gaul, who has reached the highest position on the professional stage of any member of the Periwig Club. He has borne out the hopes which he aroused by his acting at that time.

YALE DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page* 366)

TO carry out these plans of the "Dramat" and to put their ideas into effect, a theatre is to be built. Miss Maude Adams once brought her entire company of "What Every Woman Knows" to New Haven at her own expense and gave all the proceeds of the engagement to the fund. Robert Mantell has given several performances in past years for the benefit of the fund. Quite recently, John Galsworthy donated to this cause the proceeds of a lecture which he gave in New Haven.

THROUGH the efforts of the Association, many writers, actors, and lecturers have been brought to the University. Two years ago the English producer, Granville Barker, gave a gorgeous out-of-doors production of "Iphigenia in Tauris" in the famous Yale bowl, and John Masefield, Rabindranath Tagore, Alfred Noyes, John Galsworthy, and Captain Carpenter, V. C., have all spoken under the auspices of the "Dramat." Arrangements have also been made for Mr. Walter Hampden to play "Hamlet" there this spring.

To bring to the University, men of note, men of worth, men who have something to give, men who will take an interest, and by taking an interest themselves, will arouse that of the undergraduate, and help and inspire him to express his ideas, to follow his tendencies, and to uncover anything of value which may be lying dormant in his mind—is one of the chief objects of the Dramatic Association. And one of their great ambitions is to give the undergraduates a better knowledge and higher ideals of the stage.

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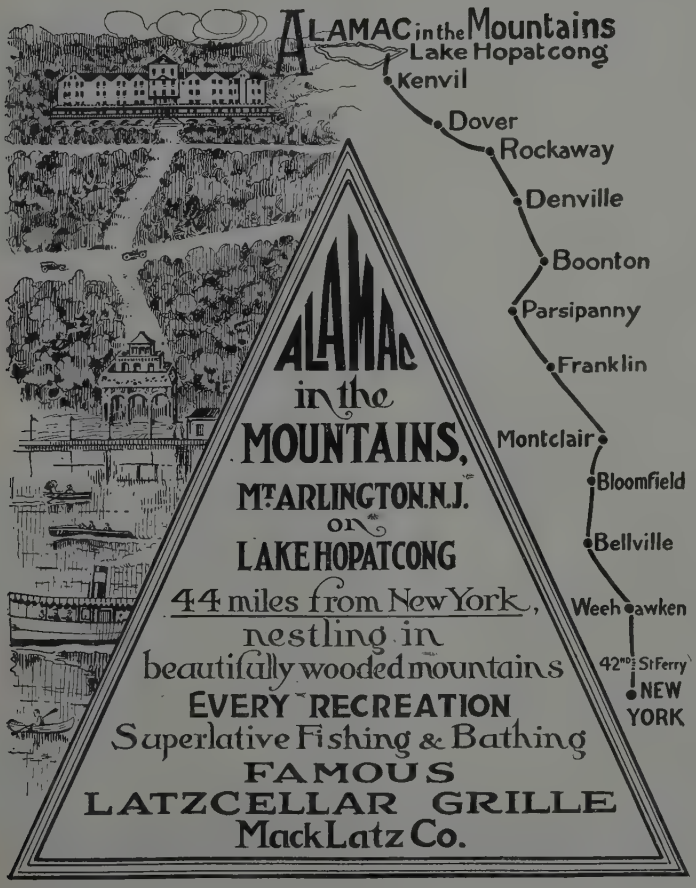
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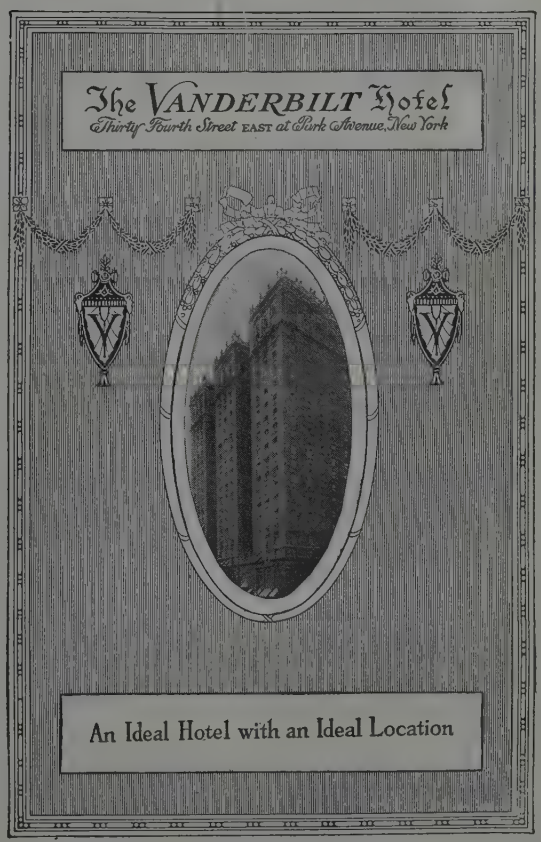
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THE ADVENT OF THE ART THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 336)

between the child and the artist. The artist draws certain signs and shapes and thereby creates the impression of a donkey. And the greater the artist the greater the impression he is able to create, for he creates the spirit of the picture and it is felt as well as seen.

Lighting is, of course, a great factor in the successful and artistic production of an art-theatre play. It must always fit into the mood of the play and add to the sum of its harmonious impressions. Changes of feeling, thought, and emotion are often subtly suggested by color arrangement in costuming as well as lighting. Again to borrow from "The Jest," John Barrymore is garbed in green in the first act to suggest his snake-like cunning; in blue and black in the third act to suggest soul-conflict; and red in the last act in harmony with the bloody revenge he achieves.

What may we expect of the future for the new art? Democratic America has always been quick to accept new forms of artistic endeavor once successfully introduced. The country that has produced the distinct and superb sky-scraping office building will surely not be insensitive to the visible art of the theatre. There is hope, too, in the economical advantages of the new art of production, and economics may always be relied upon to prove a powerful factor for change. Permanent sets have been designed by the new artists that are capable of being employed successfully in plays of a widely differing type. They have been arranged in a manner to produce the proper atmosphere of the play, thus saving thousands of dollars.

THE new artists bring before us Nature in all its gorgeous life and movement and color. They remind us that nature is not inert and drab, but full of sensuous movement and passionate color. They have formulated the dictum that the mind demands three essentials when witnessing a play: The first is color, the second is action, and the third is sound. Life is like that, and the artist above all strives to depict life upon the stage. He does this, then, by stage setting, lighting, symbolism of sound and color, keeping ever before him his ideal of unity and harmony. He is not only putting art into the theatre but making the theatre an art. His successful achievement serves but to make the task of the actor easier, whereas before the heavy burdens of the play rested squarely upon the actor. There are cases on record where actors have given good performances of Shakespeare and other plays in spite of the scenery, but now with the aid of the artist-director, the actor gains immeasurably.

THE JAPANESE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 362)

Kataoka II, Baigyoku Nakamura and his son Fukusuke, Chusha Ichikawa, Danshiro Ichikawa and his son Ennosuke, Sadanji Ichikawa, Yenjaku Jitsukawa, Jakuyemon Nakamura, Gado Nakamura, Kaisha Nakamura, Sumizo Ichikawa, Shucho Bando, Shocho Ichikawa, and others.

Mr. Shoyi Matsui, director of the Literary Department of the Shochiku Company, has been known as a man of letters in the Japanese dramatic literature for ten or more years. He has written seventy or more original plays and translations from Western plays and contributed them to the theatrical world of Japan. He is now visiting American and European cities together with Mr. Nobutaro Shirai, the youngest of the Shochiku brothers and vice-president of the company; Mr. Sankuro Yamamori, the touring manager of the company and director of two theatres and at the same time the managing director of the Kinema Chrome Company, Ltd., and Ennosuke Ichikawa, a noted actor of the Kabuki school.

DOES SOCIETY SHUN HIGH ART

(*Continued from page* 334)

in it. That is our method as intelligentsia: first we bury an artist, then we praise him. And in both funereal functions our chief inspiration is sciolism.

I am not one of those who condemn our aristocratic few with a sweeping judgment. There are probably as many sensible and sensitive folk among them as among our bourgeoisie, or even among our Bolsheviks. And at least a few of them have a curiously persistent devotion to dramatic art. Notwithstanding the gigantic failure of The New Theatre, they gave us the Vieux Colombier; and, notwithstanding its first disastrous season, they financed it for a second year. As financiers of art, in fact, they leave little to be desired. But as figureheads, they have the gravest of disabilities. For our democratic public expects, nay demands of them, that the result of their endeavors shall be as exalted artistically as they themselves are socially exalted. And that is a manifest impossibility.

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If there are times when you like to revel in the thoughts of happy days gone by, you will be glad in those moments to listen to Fritz Kreisler, on a Victrola Record just issued, play "Dream of Youth." The melodies he plays are waltz tunes, mostly—such tunes as you heard in your youth and may still hear, for they are tunes that never die.—*Advt.*

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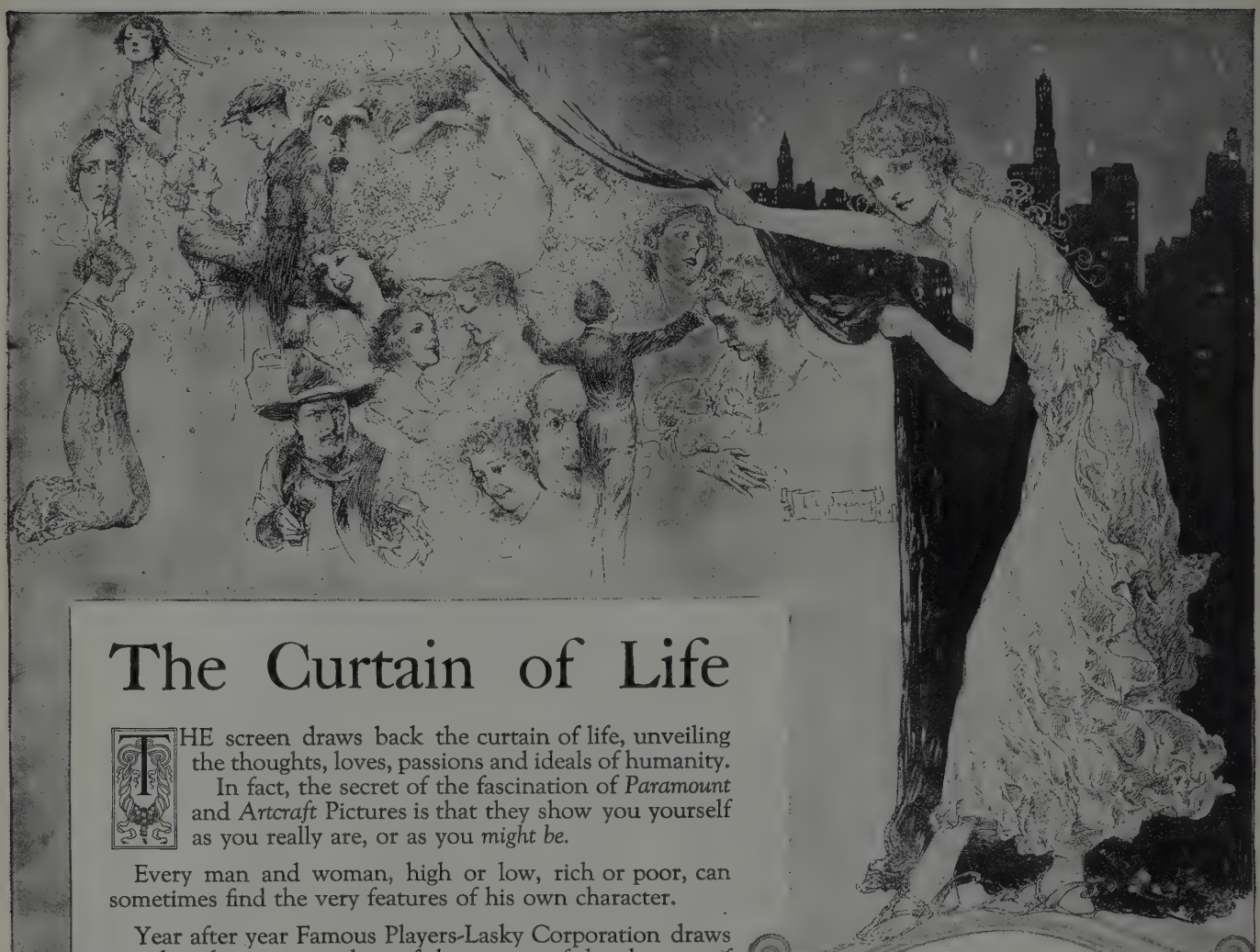

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ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to May 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Vicky Van"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Lady of Red Butte"
Dorothy Gish *in* "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee *in* "Rustling a Bride"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "The Home Town Girl"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
*Charles Ray *in* "The Busher"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Something to Do!"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*, A Wm. A. Brady Production
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production on Hall Caine's Novel

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Eyes of the Soul"
*William S. Hart *in* "The Money Corral"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "When Love is Blind" "Love's False Faces"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Welcome, Little Stranger"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "Harold, the Last of the Saxons"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

BISCUITS AND BEATITUDE A LA MARGUERITE CLARK

SHE had flour on one cheek—a big generous smudge of it, and both cheeks matched the pink and white gingham apron which was too new to have been much used. In short, she was making tea biscuits.

"Ah," you exclaim, "some little bride, of course, at her first biscuits." And you are right in your surmise—for the "little bride" was Marguerite Clark Williams—and she was actually baking the biscuits—though, unfortunately, not for Lieutenant Williams—*these* biscuits were for the delectation of Eugene O'Brien who is playing opposite the little star in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Miss Clark was very much *in* the kitchen at the moment I speak of, a three-sided studio kitchen, but quite perfectly appointed for all that.

"Come in," she called out to me, "and I'll let you taste the results of our rehearsals. The first ones weren't so good, but when one has made four 'batches'—"

EUGENE O'BRIEN confirmed this with a nod. He was busy at the moment—applying honey to one small delightfully browned creation on which the butter had melted in big yellow spots.

I went in, I saw—and the biscuits conquered.

"Surely you didn't learn this in just four rehearsals—this afternoon?" I asked after a blissful interval, mystifiedly.

"Oh, dear me, no," she said, "I have often cooked for sister Cora and when I stay here at the studio all day we almost always have luncheon here—made upstairs,—usually I make it myself."

Later we went "upstairs" and saw the suite which Miss Clark has recently had decorated for her personal use at the studio. It is charming and if there is anything in the theory that the places people most inhabit express their personalities, then this might be used as a striking example of Marguerite Clark's.

The color scheme throughout is rose pink and white,—especially in the little boudoir which is gay with rose-colored cushions and soft chintz. Usually, too, there are flowers—lots of them—and a wee kitten which lives at the studio and has had the good sense to pick Marguerite Clark's apartment as its own.

Beyond this a tiny writing room opens into the dressing room beyond. The writing room is more plainly furnished than the other rooms, and Miss Clark loves to call it her "office." It is here that she keeps files of mail and personal correspondence.

DO you answer all your letters yourself?" I asked, appalled at the number stacked on her desk, which had come in only one delivery that afternoon.

"Oh, yes," was her response. "If they care enough to write to me personally, surely I owe it to them to read their letters and answer all requests for photographs. Besides, I enjoy it. It is one of the nicest parts of my day when I can sit down at my desk and go through the mail. Such interesting things come in."

"I suppose you have a great many admirers still, who do not yet know you are married?" I suggested.

"Yes, a few—but most of them know and send me such delightful letters wishing me happiness. And all of them ask me to keep on in pictures. I always write them that I will—for several reasons—first and quite the most important—that my contract is nowhere near finished, and—even if it were I should probably go on making pictures. I love the work."

This was not said for effect and Miss Clark knew that I knew it. I have often talked to her between scenes at the studio, and it has never once happened that I have found her bored or tired. Always enthusiastic, always interested in everything—her work most of all,—Miss Clark has found and kept the real secret of success.

"Wasn't it Barrie who said, 'the secret of happiness is not in doing what you like, but in liking what you have to do'?" Miss Clark asked me one day when I spoke to her about her enthusiasm for picture-making.

"And I do *both*," she added at the quick question she saw in my eyes. "I do what I like and I like what I have to do,—and that's all there is to it."

And there you have summed up her whole character. Tiny, not over five feet—indeed, I believe she cannot be more than four feet ten or so—she is a perfect bundle of energy. She has kept in the very pink of condition all her life and she and her sister Cora, until her marriage last spring to Lieutenant Williams, lived the simplest, quietest life imaginable. A very unpretentious apartment on Central Park West, overlooking the prettiest part of the Park, with its three reservoirs, was their home,—indeed Miss Clark still spends much of her time there, as Lieutenant Williams is detained in Washington a great deal of the time. Going to bed at nine-thirty, rising at seven to begin the day with the simple exercise she knew as a child—and the good wholesome cooking I had found exemplified in the delicious biscuits—all this is what has kept her looking like a girl of sixteen and with the joyous heart of a child always giving of her spontaneity and joyousness

I REMEMBER seeing her one day out in a little town in New Jersey. She was taking some scenes for one of the several fairy stories she has done,—pictures which have delighted children of all ages—in all lands. There was one little tot to be used in a scene who had never seen a movie made before, and who was rather appalled at the gruff director's megaphone and the way things in general were going.

Suddenly someone came up and took him gently away from the rest for a talk—and to listen to one of the most wonderful fairy tales he has ever heard. "Now, let's pretend that *you* are the prince," his new friend said, "and you come running out to me to save me from the old witch."

"I save oo," the tot replied,—and he did,—furnishing one of the most convincing bits of child-acting the screen has ever seen. He did not know until afterwards that his friend was Marguerite Clark—or that she had taught him the very rudiments of acting.

"That was only what I should have wanted someone to do for me," she said afterward—"and besides, I enjoyed doing it." As she spoke, dressed in the short frilly frock of "Snow White," I believe it was, she looked no more than a child herself, and I envied her.

There is something about Marguerite Clark that gives one the impression that she, for one, is getting the most out of life. That she has found the secret to real happiness—whether it can be explained by the quotation from Barrie she gave me, or not. She really *lives* each moment to the fullest—and whether she is asking the studio prop boy about his sick grandmother or talking with her manager about plans for future pictures, she seems always to be putting her whole self into the conversation and what is more—getting the other person to be at his best too.

Eugene O'Brien, who has played with her in many of her recent pictures, spoke of this, one day, while they were making "Little Miss Hoover."

DO you know," he said, in that pleasant English drawl of his—"do you know that she is getting more fun out of this chicken exhibit than I've had in a week?" He pointed over to Miss Clark and a hilarious group of people surrounding a coop where an old mother hen was making a tremendous fuss over one lone chick. If you remember, "Little Miss Hoover" was a poultry will-win-the-war sort of story, and there was one scene where a whole poultry show was used.

"I was fearfully bored at the noise and racket they made at first," Mr. O'Brien went on, "but she's made us all see the funny side of it, and by George, I believe half of 'em will go in for chicken raising on the strength of it."

A very clever psychological character analysis was once written about Marguerite Clark, by the Baron Dewitz, in which he said, "As an actress perhaps the greatest asset of little Miss Clark is her never-failing spontaneity of action. In fact she does not act at all, technically speaking. She has the knack of luring the part she plays, and acts it almost intuitively, without apparent premeditation, which, of course, is the very essence of screen presentation. She is as quick as a humming bird—quick to drop into any role quick to visualize, to comprehend and improvise. And there is no harder working person on the screen. She can tire out those twice her size and she does not weigh much more than a soldier's war pack."

OF her personality, the analyist says: "Her is the youthful, sanguine temperament of the born optimist, always looking for the bright side and always sunny and pleasant to everybody. Nevertheless, it must not be imagined that she is merely a surface nature, or one who never harbored a serious thought in her brain. On the contrary, her forehead, and a certain fixity of the eye, when she is in repose, proclaim her rather studiously inclined, rather fond of good books and good music around the cozy warmth of her own little hearth."

This last has always struck me as so remarkable—for the Baron was quite right in saying she cares most for the "cozy warmth of her own hearth." One day I asked her about it.

"How is it," I said, "that with all the interesting and varied invitations you receive all the time, that you so seldom accept any of them?"

"Well, you see," she said, "there are always so many of them I can't decide which to take so I let them all go and have a much better time at home after all."

ANNOUNCEMENT

Under the masterly screen direction and guidance of Albert Cappelani, Nazimova rose to fame as one of the greatest motion picture artistes.

Albert Capellani has chosen to present, under his own auspices and personal direction, **Creighton Hale** and **June Caprice** as co-stars in a series of sparkling comedy-dramas, the first of which is now completed and which is a picturization of the most successful musical-comedy, "Oh, Boy!" and

DOLORES CASSINELLI

Internationally known as "The Cameo Girl" and Italy's foremost film favorite in America, who will be starred in a series of screen dramas based upon famous works of fiction and the stage.

Pathé Distribution

ALBERT CAPELLANI PRODUCTIONS
INCORPORATED

1457 Broadway *New York, N.Y.*

FAY TINCHER—AN INGENUISH VAMPIRE

THE Fay Tincher of black and white fame is gone. Everybody remembers the black and white Fay Tincher—black and white from the feet, that even comedy could not make grotesque, to the jaunty hat invariably reposing on her black hair. She is gone from the realm of comedy — forever — she says, and tells the reason why in her own inimitable Fay Tincher manner.

"A rag, a bone and a hank of hair" are not the qualities required in the up-to-date vampire, insists Fay Tincher, who has introduced the "baby-vampire" on the screen

"I have reverted to type! I started out in life—screen life, of course, as a vampire. I played a heavy rôle in 'Battle of the Sexes,' and then, after that, I started playing comedy rôles. In 'Don Quixote' I was featured with DeWolf Hopper, and later in other Fine Arts productions, 'Sunshine Dan' and 'Mr. Good,' I hoped to again play 'heavies' or even ingenue leads, but my reputation as a comedienne always caught up with me and finally forced me to play in two-reel funnicisms.

NOW at last I am to appear in rôles I really care for. Screen farce has never appealed to me. Comedy is, at best, a transitory entertainment that seldom lingers in a person's mind after it is over. Drama is a different matter. Drama affects—for drama is life. That is why I want to play in dramas again,—I want to portray life.

"But life, if not a farce, contains a large element of comedy, and when I portray 'vamps,' as has been my ambition for a long time, I am not going to play the Bara-kind of vamp, for in my opinion that sort of vamp has never existed except in the cinema. The ingenuish type of vamp, the saucy salamander, is the only vamp in existence. What man in real life would be infatuated with a dead white skin, grotesque lips and a posed grace that is anything but attractive? It is the vamp who has a sense of humor that can really hold a man. She laughs at him, even as she is seeking to allure him—and he adores it. It's the greatest fun in the world playing vampire rôles. I enjoy them I laugh as I play the mos tragic scenes, because I ap preciate the satire in them."

PERHAPS the term "heavy" is misleading as applied to Miss Tincher—certainly in appearance she is anything but the popular conception o the word. She might bette be described petite, for he five feet two and her on hundred and twelve pound deny any suggestion of undu weight. The "heavy" in thi case is the word coined fo popular use around the en vironments of the studio and it applies to that person man or woman, whose scree destiny it is to thwart th happiness of the hero an heroine.

She enjoys her business o parting happy couples—on the screen. Awa from the camera's watchful eyes she is not s keen about it and does not indulge. Jame Barrie is her favorite author, which whimsica choice is rather a strong indication of her rea personality.

HER grandfather was a Methodist ministe and she is the only member of her family o the stage—indeed, had she yielded to his wishe the screen would have been deprived of tha particular light in the cinema world which i Fay Tincher.

A TRAVELING TENT—
THE LATEST THING IN DRESSING ROOMS

CERTAINLY much of the personality of the individual, especially of the feminine individual, can be learned from her manner of furnishing her dressing room. From time to time, little stories have escaped from the mysterious land of Filmland, to the more prosaic business world, of stars whose dressing rooms vied with those of royalty in the splendor of their fittings. Perhaps a chaise-lounge that had once served the ill-fated Marie Antoinette in her Palace at Versailles would be invitingly heaped with cushions for the comfort of a certain photo-play star, or, again, she might indulge her own particular secrets of make-up before a mirror set in a rococco dressing table, worth a king's ransom.

MARIE WALCAMP, the serial star, enjoys all the prettiness of her studio dressing room, but when she is on location she frees herself from all the shackles imposed by a feminine love for daintiness, and seeks instead—just service—as is evidenced by her choice of traveling dressing room, a sturdy, portable tent, not unlike the "dog" tent used by soldiers.

And the reason for it is vouched for by Miss Walcamp herself. "A serial star can't get soft and spoiled," is her defense for her unusual

Marie Walcamp, the daredevil of the screen, pauses for a moment to admire some wild flowers

dressing room. "There are too many hardship to endure—and one might just as well get use to them off, as well as on, the screen. I don even allow myself the luxury of a maid whil I am on location because I reason that the typ of girl I usually portray is the sturdy West erner who does everything for herself, and would seem a little inconsistent to me to per form the rôle in a costume a maid had helpe me don. Besides, I don't think I could keep maid very long should I take her along on loca tion. There are too many rivers and stream minus bridges, to be forded. So, after I hav had to leap into the water from a cliff, or som other such "stunt" as that, I hurry along to m little tent and get dry clothes on for the nex scene."

J. P. MacGOWAN, who is directing Miss Wa camp in her new serial, "The Red Glove," an enthusiastic advocate of the new type dres ing room, because it means a star who is ev ready for anything that comes along—even the uncertain process of producing a seria And as long as it continues to be a case "and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb w sure to go," Marie Walcamp's watchword w continue to be—just service.

LUCY FOX
As Mabel Bannister

WALTER NEWMAN
As Voss, the butler

MARCIA HARRIS
As Aunt Carolina

ROBERT BRODERICK
As the Bishop

A SCREEN MASTERPIECE

VIRGINIA PEARSON

WITH SHELDON LEWIS

IN THE BISHOP'S EMERALDS

BY HOUGHTON TOWNLEY ADAPTED BY FRANK B. BERESFORD

JOHN B. O'BRIEN
DIRECTOR-GENERAL

IN presenting "The Bishop's Emeralds," the Virginia Pearson Co. is giving the public not only a dramatic sensation that will make a lasting impression, but a great human document, founded on a big moral idea.

"The Wages of Sin Is Death"—the Bible teaches us. For some it is mercifully a real death, while others must pay the penalty by living, in the tortuous knowledge that some day the inevitable may happen and the secret they have been guarding so zealously, brought to light of day.

Now, the Bishop's wife was a good woman and loved her husband better than life itself—yet she feared to disclose the terrible secret that haunted her. If she had—but then this story would never have been written.

Here is a picture that will be talked about long after the first presentation.

Lady Hester Cardew (Virginia Pearson) refuses to give up the key of the safe to Richard Bannister (Sheldon Lewis)

THE Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., announces that its next picture will be

"IMPOSSIBLE CATHERINE"

This photoplay in no way resembles "The Bishop's Emeralds"; in fact, it is of a totally different stamp from anything Miss Pearson has previously attempted.

It is a high-class comedy-drama, with a delightful plot and many humorous situations, and gives Virginia Pearson, the star, an opportunity to prove her prowess along comedy lines. Heretofore she has been recognized as an emotional actress of the highest order—but she is ready to prove her contention that a truly great actress is never limited to one field.

STUDIOS
RIVERDALE
N. Y.

VIRGINIA PEARSON PHOTOPLAYS, INC.
PATHÉ DISTRIBUTORS

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
112 WEST 42D STREET
NEW YORK

This is precisely what Bannister (Sheldon Lewis) wants—an invitation to visit the Bishop's manor

Lady Hester (Virginia Pearson) the Bishop's wife, undergoes the ordeal of having her first husband, whom she thought dead, introduced to her by the Bishop (Robert Broderick) who believes that the two are strangers

Horror at the tragedy confronting them is Lady Hester's dominant emotion when she realizes that she is the mother of Bannister's daughter

Bannister forces Lady Hester to surrender the key to the safe

Bannister's man, in collusion with Bannister, meets Lady Hester, who is determined to protect the treasures of the man she loves, even at the cost of her life

The Bishop assures Lady Hester of his confidence in her love and faith and they banish memories of unhappiness in the joy of a fuller understanding

THE BISHOP'S EMERALDS

A photoplay masterpiece with Virginia Pearson in the leading rôle

THE MAGAZINES THAT COVER THE WORLD

Exhibitor's Trade Review

Is the recognized Service Paper of the motion picture industry in the United States and Canada.

It is the trade journal that invented the advertising guide on features for exhibitors.

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Exhibitor's Trade Review was the first trade paper in the motion picture industry to recognize the director and establish him in his proper place.

Ask any director—he knows.

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Every month the film men of forty-eight countries read and rely upon the pages of this—*the only international motion picture trade journal in existence.*

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For confirmation of these results, we take pleasure in referring you to the Virginia Pearson Photoplay Company.

Ask them how many inquiries they have received, and from how many countries, as a result of the *International.*

Ask Sun-Light Arc, Inc.

Ask L. H. Allen, the exporter.

Then ask us to show you the inquiries we are receiving from every quarter of the globe for American films.

The May Issue is just off the press.

LET THESE TWO PUBLICATIONS CARRY YOUR MESSAGE AROUND THE WORLD

A CHAT WITH A WOULD-BE VILLAIN

By ROSE CUMMINGS

SHELDON LEWIS had been kind enough to grant me an interview—and I must confess that the prospect of meeting the hero-villain of "Iron-Claw" fame, left me as excited and flustered as a school-girl. For a villain is meant to be cordially hated during the interim of the play or picture; any admiration one feels for his superb acting must be fought out in the privacy of one's home—and not openly expressed. Anyway, that's the dictum handed down from grandmother's time.

Now I kept watching the passive, finely chiseled face as Mr. Lewis talked of his books, his home, and above all treasures—his wife. Somehow he didn't fit my conception of what a "reg'lar" villain should look and act like. He was too sympathetic, too sensitive and fine in his ideals.

HE told me of his plans for he is now working on some masterful character-interpretations, as star of his own company.

"Don't think for one moment that I've lost my great enthusiasm and high regard for the legitimate drama," he added. "Some day I expect to go back—but right now the motion picture field appeals to me strongly. It gives me a greater opportunity for real character work, and enables me to reach thousands of people who are constructive in their criticisms and appreciative of the hard work such acting requires. These people haven't the means or the opportunity to get to the theatre—but moving pictures keep them enlightened, and entertain them as nothing else can."

RECALLING the days when Mr. Lewis played the "legitimate," one has only to think of the wonderful press notices he received after acting the dual rôles of "Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde." These were better than Mr. Mansfield, himself, received.

No matter what part Sheldon Lewis is asked to portray, he gives it careful study and virtually lives the character. If the scenario or play calls for the suave, man-about-town, you may rest assured that Sheldon Lewis looks and acts the part to perfection. He is a credit to his tailor. At the same time he can portray the lowest type of criminal with a realism that is almost uncanny.

SHELDON LEWIS

This favorite of the screen is shown here in the dual rôle he portrays in his forthcoming production "The Monster and the Man" scheduled for early release

I asked Mr. Lewis if he was fond of athletics, to which he replied:

"My present work requires a supple, active body and so I spend two hours every day in my gymnasium. I have a special trainer with whom I box and wrestle to my heart's content. I like horse-back riding, too—but golf's my particular hobby. Give me a good game of golf, any day."

NOW I wanted to delve deeper into the man's personal character—and my only hope lay in gathering the information from those who knew him intimately, about the studio. They were not only willing, but anxious to talk of the sterling qualities of Sheldon Lewis—who is a sort of demi-God with those who work with him.

For one thing I am told, he welcomes criticism from every source. If a stranger were to walk into the studio and make a suggestion—he would give it as careful consideration as if it came from the director himself.

They also spoke of another little fellow, who is now employed as an office boy who came to the studio seeking a job. He was a bright fellow but dirty and shabby in appearance. Mr. Lewis took him in hand—bought him a complete new outfit—suit, shirt, shoes, hat and overcoat and gave him his chance. This sounds more like the hero of the picture—and not the usual wicked villain—doesn't it?

AND speaking of villainous rôles—it is interesting to note that the big Pathé serials in which Mr. Lewis was starred, "The Hidden Hand" and "The Iron Claw," are still being shown in Australia, China and India—and he receives thousands of letters from his admirers there, to this very day.

This in itself is significant. It is customary for the self-sacrificing hero, the kittenish ingenue and the fascinating leading woman to receive billet doux from enthusiastic admirers of both sexes, but when the same attention is paid to an artist who specializes only in villainous roles, it becomes a marked tribute to his acting ability and the firm hold he has managed to get on his audiences.

The only trouble is that Mr. Lewis' correspondence often needs an interpreter capable of multifarious linguals feats, for letters from China, Italy, Morocco and Peru are brought to him daily by the postman.

A ROTHAPFEL PREMIERE

WHATEVER tendency exhibitors may have previously entertained to disparage Mr. Rothapfel's idea of a Unit Programme, was promptly dispelled when they witnessed his premiere opening at the Rialto Theatre, on the morning of May 9th.

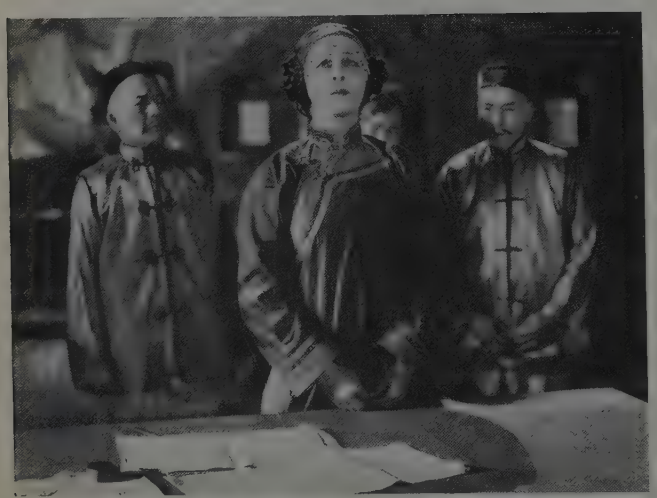
Exhibitors had grown wary because producers with a similar idea in the past had profited at their expense. In other words—in order to obtain a feature picture, the exhibitors had to buy the balance of the programme—good, bad or indifferent.

Everyone knows that Mr. Rothapfel is primarily an artist and his great success in the management of the Rialto and Rivoli Theatres lay in his appreciation of the public demand. His first Unit Programme was an artistic triumph, perfect in conception and delivery and thoroughly entertaining throughout. If Mr. Rothapfel succeeds in his purpose to keep each programme in its entirety up to the standard of this first one, he will deservedly have the following and co-operation of every exhibitor who strives to make his house something more than a slumbering place for the overtired man or woman.

"The Star Spangled Banner," by the Rialto Orchestra marked the opening of the performance, with Mr. Riesenfeld conducting. Then some humorous and well-seasoned remarks by the producer were flashed on the screen. "The Woods of Fair Water," the magazine number followed. This is intended to be run at the end of the current-news number, the choice of the latter to be left to the discretion of the exhibitor himself. As Mr. Rothapfel himself puts it, this is an "immortalization of the famous achievement of the Marines of Belleau Wood." Massenet's "Elégie," the next picture, is a quaint and beautiful conception of the theme that prompted the writing of a world's masterpiece. The feature picture, "False Gods," followed this delightful prelude—with a capable cast including Grace Darling, Hugh Thompson and other well-known names. The story is strong, the settings sumptuous and the acting indicated especially fine direction. The musical score throughout the showing of this picture was in perfect harmony with the story itself. A splendid comedy number, written by George V. Hobart, entitled, "Wild Flowers," completed the programme.

Naturally, the dignified atmosphere of the Rialto Theatre encircled the performance like a fitting frame. It is the public's misfortune that there are not many more motion picture houses conducted on this lofty scale, but the progressive exhibitor who takes advantage of Mr. Rothapfel's service is certain to make his place a talked of feature, because he will be giving his patrons a performance that satisfies every demand.

1. (Inset) Nazimova as Blanche—the English girl.
2. The faithful followers kow-towing before the Goddess of the Red Lantern.
3. (Inset) Nazimova as Mahlee—the Eurasian.
4. The Goddess of the Red Lantern in state array—with the peacock head-dress of high rank.
5. Mahlee takes the oath to exterminate the white race.
6. In the tea garden of the British Legation in Pekin.



NAZIMOVA IN "THE RED LANTERN"—A ROMANCE OF PEKIN

Mae Murray reached stardom via the dancing route. She is one of the few dancers who has made good on the screen

MAE MURRAY--THE STAR WHO DANCED TO FAME

IT was just about the time that a clever young artist, Nell Brinkley, put the noses of the Gibson Girl and the Harrison Fisher Girl considerably out of joint by her presentation of the Brinkley Girl, that a little dancer in the Follies blazed into a sudden triumph by her impersonation of the already mentioned Brinkley girl.

It was a toss up, whose was the greater triumph, the artist's or the dancer's—both had achieved an almost impossible success in an incredibly short while. Mae Murray was the toast of New York—out-of-towners hastened to see her dance the very first evening they arrived in the metropolis and the road lay very smooth and glowing before her twinkling feet.

THEN—the movies began to become popular. No longer did ardent admirers of the silent art have to manœuvre an entrance into a moving picture theatre that would be unseen by friends or enemy. (Doubtless, younger fans have not heard that there once was a time when it was considered common to attend a cinema performance.) Well-known writers began writing for the screen—the best book of the year and the greatest play, both respectively found themselves translated into use for the silver sheet and then the greatest players of the stage one by one were recruited into the ranks of the new art that was taking the world by storm.

SO it was that Mae Murray became one of the shadow folk. Everybody advised her against deserting her established career for a precarious new one. Wasn't she first and last a dancer—and where in the world would a dancer fit into the scheme of a moving picture melodrama?

Mae Murray didn't answer the question with words but in deed. And the greatest proof that she had indeed conquered her new venture lay in the fact that she didn't even dance one little step in her first screen production. It was "To Have and to Hold," and as its Elizabethan heroine Mae Murray was, to express it mildly, a ten days' sensation.

More successes (in all of which the dancing that had made her famous was conspicuously missing followed and all over the country the vivacious grace and personality of Mae Murray was becoming as familiar as her name and reputation already was.

A LONG engagement with Universal was her next venture and during this period a romance was rapidly progressing. Robert Leonard, her director, took more than an artistic interest in the dainty star and soon it became apparent to all the studio folk that theirs was more than a professional partnership. When their marriage took place, just before a prolonged trip to New York, they discovered that they hadn't surprised anyone very much.

In her latest pictures, the dancing that made Mae Murray win her first fame again came into prominence. The exquisite grace of her perfect little body is as delightful as is her inherent dramatic faculties. Her's is the great gift of true sympathy—the sympathy and understanding that makes itself felt through her dancing as well as through her acting.

But the fact of Mae Murray's great success on the screen is no signal for other dancers to desert their vocations for the cinema, for very few indeed are the dancers who have become motion picture stars. Many actresses from the stage have taken prominent places in the film world, including some vaudeville performers who have been both singers and dancers, but the number of those whose professional activities had been limited solely to dancing is few.

Anna Pavlowa, the great Russian dancer, made one picture, and Mrs. Vernon Castle is a programme star. In the main, however, dancers have not invaded pictures.

THERE is nothing in a dancer's training to make her a motion picture actress," Miss Murray confessed in a recent interview. "Dancing does give grace, and dancers do have good—understanding, as the joke book would say. Sooner or later every cinema star has to take a part that brings her feet into prominence, and unshapely ankles are as bad a defect as a crooked nose.

"But beyond that, the two arts have nothing in common. All the grace in the world won't make a person's features expressive, and acting for the screen is simply talking with all the features, instead of with the mouth alone.

"So when I went into pictures, I decided to leave dancing entirely behind me—and that was a wrench, for my dancing meant a great deal to me.

I CONCENTRATED on facial expression, for that is the basis of screen art, and I found that my first training could serve me very little in my new vocation. Then every once in a while I am given a rôle in which my dancing can take a part—and then I am truly in my element. In my latest picture 'The Delicious Little Devil,' I had such a part and how I did adore it. Mary McGuire, the character I portrayed, was a real live person to me and I played her just exactly as I knew she would want to be played—had she the choice. It was mostly comedy—as is befitting a Celtic heroine—but there was pathos too, and that is equally Irish—isn't it?" And Mae Murray flashed one of those irrepressible smiles that everyone has learned to associate with her.

BUT away from the studio, dancing and acting aspirations are alike forgotten. Then Mae Murray becomes just "girl," the real pally sort of girl that everyone has had for a very best friend at some time or another. In fact, at these times she is more farmer than anything else for she has refused to give up her "war garden" even now when the war is over, and it is no unusual thing for visitors to surprise her in the garden attired in overalls that are made for service and not for style, and helping her will be found all the children of the neighborhood.

It was of these same children that Mae Murray was thinking when she electrified a New York reporter who was talking to her shortly after her marriage by saying:

"We're having such a perfectly wonderful time in New York, and we are so perfectly happy—but—I do so miss the children."

Of course explanations followed, but the wistfulness that the star displayed in talking of her little playmates back home is the truest index to her real self.

Something New Under the Sun

The Rothapfel Unit Programme

Complete from Overture to Final Curtain

Overture

"FIRST UNIT PROGRAMME 1919"

Especially arranged by Mr. Rothapfel and Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld of the Rivoli Theatre, New York

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The Wood of Fair Water

AN IMMORTALIZATION OF THE FAMOUS ACHIEVEMENT
OF THE MARINES AT BELLEAU WOOD

Arranged for use as the climax of a news or magazine reel. Mr. Rothapfel wishes to convey that the choice of "weekly" subjects should be left to the Exhibitor who frequently prefers to offer his own selection of current events.

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"THE LAST HOUR"

with J. H. GILMORE

A NOVELTY PRELUDE PRESENTING MUSIC

The beauty of thought incorporated in the composition of a master composer. Massenet—whose Elegie is used for this picturization—is transferred to the screen with telling effect.

False Gods

Directed by Wally Van

A Screen Version of E. Lloyd Sheldon's Powerful Drama

CAST

Lila Andrews	Grace Darling	Randolph Hastings	Alfred Hickman
Cecil Andrews	Hugh Thompson	Mrs. Burden	Hattie Delaro
Mrs. Van Orden	Florence Billings	Gambier, the jeweller	Macy Harlon
Stephen Whitney	Harry Mestayer	Detective Gillian	Leo Delaney
Mrs. Sewell	Ida Darling		

Epigrams

A THOUGHT OF EQUITY

Wild Flowers

Directed by Wally Van

A New Idea George V. Hobart Comedy

presenting

YVONNE SHELTON	A. J. HERBERT	WALTER McEWEN
TEMPLAR SAXE	HELEN WEER	EUGENE ACKER

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NORMA TALMADGE

No star has made bigger strides than Norma Talmadge in the last two years. She is a graduate of the old Vitagraph days. Then after her hit in "The Battle Cry of Peace," came stardom with the Triangle. Next followed her own company with Select as distributors, and in another few months she will be under the First National banner

Photo Adde

Norma Talmadge, Stuart Holmes and Marc McDermott in "The New Moon"—story by H. H. Van Loan, directed by Chester Withey—the Russian story which gives Miss Talmadge an opportunity to play both Princess and Peasant

SOMETHING NEW IN FILMLAND

Musical comedy, with color, dash, music and girls successfully transmitted to the Screen

GIVE us something new," is the perennial wail of the amusement seeker, particularly the motion picture fan, wearied to the point of ennui by the endless procession of dog-eared stories ranging from hectic melodrama to the vapid spineless trifles concocted to give the starry-eyed ingenue opportunity to cut cute capers. It's the wail that has echoed from the tall timbers of Portland, Me., to the sunkist coast of Portland, Ore.; from the everglades of Florida to the rippling waters of the Great Lakes and has come to pervade the sanctum of the film producer.

Honest efforts have been made by producers to heed that cry for "something new" and the ingenuity of directors, scenario-writers, technical directors have been strained to achieve something out of the ordinary. But at best, their efforts have resulted only in refurbishing the bleached bones of film production with new touches and new effects. "What else can be done," argued the film impresarios, "we have picturized famous books, stage plays, historical pageants, in fact everything that can be picturized; what else can we do for these restless, insatiable souls who are eternally clamoring for something new in film entertainment."

* * *

But even the film business has its idealists, its revolutionists—its workers whose prophetic vision transcends moss-backed traditions and conventions and opens upon new vistas of possible achievement. For example, there is Albert Capellani, the well-known French director, who believes that a musical-comedy with all its color, dash, music and girls can be successfully transmitted to the motion picture screen. Mr. Capellani had long cherished the ambition to produce a musical comedy as a screen attraction, but it was not until he formed his own company under the corporate name of the Albert Capellani Productions, Inc., that he was given the opportunity to bring his ambition to fruition. Then, sweeping aside all the traditions of the photo-play world and despite the admonition of the wise ones who said, "It can't be done," Mr. Capellani took a musical-comedy and transferred it to the shadow stage intact. He named it the *"Filmusical-Comedy"* and thus opened up a new and fertile field for motion picture endeavor that may be expected to further contribute to the development and scope of the new art.

When Mr. Capellani first announced his intention of bringing to the screen a musical-comedy in all of its colorful phases, he chose as his medium one of the most sensational musical-comedy hits of the past decade, "Oh, Boy." Wiseacres of the film business lugubriously shook their heads and said such an experiment was certain to come to a cropper. They admitted that the idea was new and ingenious and worth a trial, but they couldn't see how a musical comedy with the color, dash, tinkling tunes and effervescent choristers which are its chief stock in trade, could be brought to the screen without losing much of its appeal.

The first jolt to the wise ones came when an internationally renowned distributing organization recognized as one of the most discriminating releasing organs in the country, outbid several other prominent distributing concerns and secured the exclusive distributing rights to the motion picturization of the *"Filmusical-Comedy,"* "Oh Boy." Then came the first private showing of "Oh Boy" to which was invited a number of the worthies who said, "It can't be done," and to paraphrase a familiar quotation, those who came to scoff, remained to pay homage.

In picturizing "Oh Boy," Mr. Capellani was guided by the conviction that the motion picture is not an offspring of the so-called legitimate stage, but is a new art—a new medium of dramatic expression entirely separate and distinct from the spoken stage; an art having little in common with the stage and requiring an altogether dissimilar technique and treatment. He, therefore, made no attempt to employ the mechanics of the stage to achieve as nearly as possible the effect of a musical comedy, but rather has relied entirely upon the individual technique of motion picture production to evoke by a series of pictures, emotional reactions similar to those produced by the musical comedy.

Creighton Hale, June Caprice and Joseph Conyers, in "Oh Boy," Albert Capellani's new Filmusical-Comedy

* * *

Since the motion picture reacts upon the mind through the eye and the musical comedy reacts to a large extent through the ear (the well-known t. b. m. may disclaim this), it can be seen that the gap between the two was not easily bridgeable and that Mr. Capellani's task, therefore, was far from being a sinecure. But by utilizing the mechanics of the motion picture studio, and with the aid of interpretative music, Mr. Capellani has succeeded in expressing in pictures the dash of a musical comedy.

With the release of "Oh Boy," Albert Capellani makes his bow as an independent producer. A pioneer of motion picture production and a director who combines the creative genius of the artist with well-developed ability for executive management, Mr. Capellani is well qualified to guide a producing organization of his own and to produce pictures according to his own ideas. Few directors who have embarked on the sea of independency have behind them the records of solid achievement that is credited to Mr. Capellani by virtue of his unbroken line of film successes which include, "Les Misérables," which he produced while in France and acknowledged as the ranking production of its time; "The Common Law," with Clara Kimball Young; "Toys of Fate," "Revelation," "Eye For Eye," and "The Red Lantern," with Nazimova. With the formation of his own company, Mr. Capellani has been enabled to bring to realization long-cherished ideals bearing upon motion picture production which, it is his profound belief, will do much to raise the artistic standard of the screen drama. So radical were these ideals, that Mr. Capellani, or "Cap" as he prefers to be called by his studio associates, deferred any attempt to bring them to realization until he could be free to devote all his time to developing them according to his own conception. Thus with the organization of his own company, Mr. Capellani's first step was to bring into actuality one idea in which he had great faith —that a musical comedy in all of its phases could be successfully transmitted to the realm of the silent drama. And the result was "Oh Boy."

* * *

"It is somewhat difficult," said the French director to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "for a motion picture organization to adhere to any definite set of preconceived principles. The sands of public taste are ever shifting; new influences are daily being brought to bear upon the life of the world and to these changing conditions must the motion picture cater.

"It is readily apparent, however, that at this juncture the trend of public taste has turned toward lively, wholesome comedy. A world racked and torn by years of war must be once again inculcated with the spirit of optimism and good cheer. It must, therefore, be provided with the kind of entertainment that will help it forget its sorrows; the smile must replace the tear. And there is no more powerful influence in the world to spread the doctrine of the smile; to bring to the millions victimized by the ravages of war, some measure of surcease from their sorrows, than the motion picture. The Albert Capellani Productions, Inc., will make every effort to play its part in this great work. Comedies of the type of "Oh Boy" will be given an important place in our program and with that end in view, we have signed contracts with Creighton Hale and June Caprice, two of the screen's most delightful personalities and co-stars of "Oh Boy," to be featured jointly in an extended series of light, wholesome comedies.

"Our production plans also contemplate the featuring of Dolores Cassinelli, the Italian Cameo Girl, in a series of strong dramas of the emotional type."

FIVE MAGNETS OF THE MOVIES

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

Miss Lelia Hope, a newly discovered film star, who will make her début in Malcolm Strauss Photoplays

Photo Hartsook

A new photograph of Kathleen Clifford, the popular stage and screen star

Vivian Martin in her latest photoplay, "The Home Town Girl," radiates daintiness and simplicity

© *Lumiere* (Circle)

Helene Chadwick, leading woman for Bryant Washburn in "A Very Good Young Man"

Billie Burke will soon be seen in two new photoplays adapted from popular Broadway hits

TWO NOTABLE SCREEN PRODUCTIONS

THE BISHOP'S EMERALDS

From Captain Houghton Townley's famous novel

THE Bishop's Emeralds" is a literal dramatization of Capt. Houghton Townley's famous novel of the same name, depicting an intensely dramatic story of English society life. It shows the struggle between the second wife of the Bishop of Ripley and her first husband, thought to be dead, but who re-appears in her life as an international crook with the intention of stealing the Bishop's priceless emeralds; Bannister's nefarious attemps to carry out his purpose by threatening his wife with disgraceful exposure; his death at the hands of an accomplice; and the final reckoning and reconciliation between the Bishop and the woman he loves; these together form the groundwork of a highly interesting and dramatic plot.

FRANK S. BERESFORD is responsible for the screen adaptation of the novel. This scenarioist's past work in the Pathé program has established him as one of the cleverest of screen adapters, and "The Bishop's Emeralds" is an excellent example of his skill. Mr. Beresford has built a compellingly strong story which, because of its breadth of expression and treatment, its swiftly moving, sustained interest and its essential vitality, far surpasses the claim of the original novel. "The Bishop's Emeralds" is a splendid testimonial to Mr. Beresford's ability in the direction of beauty of arrangement, great taste in the creation of beautiful interiors, and in showing the settings of the phases of society life in England.

JOHN B. O'BRIEN, director-general of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., gave close personal attention to this production, for in both his beautiful star and in the story he saw possibilities that would make the production rise to a new level in screen triumph. His sure directorial touch is evidenced throughout this six-reel star production, and the completeness of detail and the elaborate settings and the effective lighting of scenes and action all deserve special mention. With consummate skill Mr. O'Brien conceived and had built interior settings of wonderful effectiveness, reproducing with faithful versimilitude the old world "atmosphere" of an English bishop's country mansion in the completest detail, together with flashes of life in the cosmopolitan city of London.

IN this intensely dramatic and emotional narrative, Miss Pearson has a rôle that demands not only all of her deft art as an actress, but she had to call into play certain personal and social attainments which the fiction character possessed as a member of her particular social set. Miss Pearson's equipment for this part is perfect. She wears her gowns with grace and distinction, she is charming in repose and profoundly impressive in her emotional outbursts. Miss Pearson was the original "vampire" in "A Fool There Was" with Robert Hilliard, and later played in a series of rôles which took her through the entire range of human and spiritual feeling, but in "The Bishop's Emeralds" she considers that in the peculiarly intense emotional struggle of this photodrama she has the only really great rôle of her entire career on the stage and screen.

SHELDON LEWIS, familiar to millions as the villain supreme of Pathé serials, who acts as a foil to Miss Pearson throughout "The Bishop's Emeralds," received his basic training in the famous dramatic organization of Augustin Daly, and now for the first time in a long period he has been given a rôle that demands all of the high qualities of a finished artist. As a polished, conscienceless thief he gives a portrayal cynical, sinister and commanding, marked by cool relentless diabolicism which places the rendition among the real malign masterpieces of the screen and stage.

These two leaders are supported by a specially selected cast including Robert Broderick, Lucy Fox, Frank Kingsley, Walter Newman and Marcia Harris; all names well known in American screendom.

THE Bishop's Emeralds" possesses that rare merit of appealing to every class of the motion-picture-going public. Although its locale is set in a high society atmosphere which will most certainly attract "the highbrows," the strong dramatic and emotional nature of the story will also attract those who delight in melodramatic fare. Millions of Americans have read the vivid dramatic novel upon which this photoplay is founded, and it is certain that everyone who perused that literary masterpiece will be keenly desirous of viewing its pictured presentation on the silver screen.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS

Based on Narrative by Thomas Burke

THE episodes of "Broken Blossoms" involve three persons—Battling Burrows, a bully of the London slums; a young Chinese priest named Cheng Huan, who has come out of the Far East to spread to the people the doctrine of brotherly love, and Lucy, a girl of fifteen, who, when but a mere babe, was thrust into the arms of Battling Burrows as a mere bundle of white rags—the gift of one of the Battler's girls.

The scenes are laid in the crooked alleys of London's Limehouse district.

When he is drunk or out of temper, the Battler, a prize fighter, wreaks his rage upon this piteous child. Her starved, bruised little body creeps sorrowfully around the crooked alleys. Concerned with its own sins, Limehouse has no time to bother about Lucy or her sorrows. As Lucy creeps down through the shadow alleys there is one who looks after her with a sort of holy adoration. This pitying heart belongs to the young Chinaman. His highest hopes beaten down, all that remains to him of beauty and of light is his wistful, almost sacred love for this helpless child who passes by his store.

One day the Battler beats Lucy with rather more cruelty than usual, and her fainting, broken little figure staggers weakly down the road and falls in through the Chinaman's doorway. Tenderly he gathers the little one in his arms and bears her upstairs to his lonely room. There he bathes her wounds. With a quaint fancy he dresses her in wonderful old silken robes and tends her with the sweet, pure veneration that a subject might bestow upon a wounded princess.

BUT there comes a day when the prize fighter bursts into the apartment and wrecks it with murderous paws. Through the cloaking mist of a London fog, you can see the cringing little figure being dragged back to her doom. Some terrible instinct tells the child that this beating will be the last. She tries to escape into a closet, but a ruthless hatchet beats down the barrier.

The Chinaman comes too late to the scene; he finds only a still, broken little figure, her last lonely wistful smile still on her dead lips. With a deadly calm, as one who performs an act of holy sacrifice, the young Bhuddist priest gathers the pitiful figure in his arms and carries it back through the misty fog to his room where she knew her few brief hours of happiness. With a flower placed tenderly in her grubby little hands, he bids her a last farewell, says his last prayers to a little figure of Bhudda and slips out of the hard, cruel world with a dagger in his heart.

And what of the end of Battling Burrows? He was found in the morning with five bullet holes in his body, Cheng Huan's love-gift before he took the body of Lucy to her last happy home on earth.

BEFORE an audience distinguished by the presence of many men and women prominent in society and public life, and with a touch of dear ol' London in the person of Sir Thomas Lipton and party, D. W. Griffith's repertory season, the first in the history of the stage, opened brilliantly at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre.

Mr. Griffith selected for his initial offering, "Broken Blossoms," based on a story by Thomas Burke, and preceded by a thematic pantomime in which appeared, in real life, the characters of the picture. The pantomime, or prologue, was one of the most artistic things New York has seen in years, and immediately put the audience in the Oriental atmosphere of the picture that followed. Weird Chinese music, played back of the screen, added to the appeal of the prologue, while burning perfumed incense filled the entire theatre with the fragrance of the Orient.

Mr. Griffith could not have chosen a more exquisitely delicate offering than "Broken Blossoms," a colorful romance built about the lives of those who smile and weep in the great Limehouse district of London. It is a strange combination of delicacy and brutality, of blooming flowers and sudden death, of the light and shade of life. Its terrific strength and profound emotion is quite the most startling New York has seen on the screen in years and establishes a new high record for David Griffith. The players, too, are brilliant in their artistic achievement, chief honors going to Lilian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Donald Crisp.

An augmented symphony orchestra, directed by Mr. Louis Gottschalk, added greatly to the enjoyment of the production, while a section of the celebrated Balalika Orchestra accompanied certain scenes in a position on the stage.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

D. W. GRIFFITH

REPERTORY SEASON

Out from the far places he comes once each year bringing with him the matchless treasure of his long labor.

Up from the South with "THE BIRTH OF A NATION," the most popular dramatic entertainment ever created.

Then from Babylon and glorified Palestine with "INTOLERANCE," the mightiest spectacle man has ever conceived.

Last from the Fields of Flanders with "HEARTS OF THE WORLD," the epic of the war made for the French and British Governments.

And now, from London and China, DAVID WARK GRIFFITH brings for its first showing to the world

"Broken Blossoms"

As startling an advancement in the cinema art as were the other triumphs of this world genius.

A drama of profound emotion, of exquisite delicacy, of terrific strength.

It is a worthy expression of Mr. Griffith's great talents in their rich maturity.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S Repertory Season denotes a world-epoch in the history of the theatre.

Following the premier of "BROKEN BLOSSOMS," other offerings are to include "THE FALL OF BABYLON," an expansion and amplification of the thrilling Babylonian episode in "Intolerance," and a modern American story, "THE MOTHER AND THE LAW," based on the original story as first related in "Intolerance," with additions and changes.

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